

hing in the porch, the needle stirred perceptibly to the left. A sudden smile lighted up his ingenuous face.

"It sinks, and I am ready to depart," he said, quoting Lancelot with an eye for a quiver apiece. He looked quickly round from face to face. Nobody had noticed. He climbed into the house.

Crome Yellow was the diagnosis of a disease of the 1920s. *Antic Hay*, published two years later, was a second opinion, coming closer to Huxley's lifelong concern with Gumbrell's speculation on the first page.

God as a sense of warmth about the heart, God as exultation, God as tears in the eyes, God as a rush of power or thought—that was all right. But God as truth, God as 2+2=5—that wasn't so clearly all right. Was there any chance of their being the same? Were there bridges to join the two worlds?

Here, wittily, is the predecessor of Huxley's ponderous hope twenty years later of establishing

some sort of bridge between contemporary scientific thought and practice on the one hand and ancient oriental thought, based upon centuries of accumulated experience as well as on direct intuition by exceptional minds.

Gumbrell is the impotent over-intellectual at a stage further in development than Denis of *Crome Yellow*, achieving sexual success in a false beard and financial independence with his pneumatic trousers. Much of the satire of ideas is richly comic; but already there is a tendency towards the over-gratuitous.

Anne, the bored hedonist of *Crome Yellow*, becomes the hectic Mrs. Vivash, a figure as faded vampish as her successor Lucy Tantamount in *Point Counter Point*, or Iris Storm in Michael Arden's *The Green Hat*. And Emily, Huxley's attempt, perhaps in deference to his wife, to create a nice girl, is a sentimental nonsense.

Leonard Huxley found *Antic Hay* distasteful, accusing his son of "botanizing on his mother's grave". Aldous defended it as "a work in which all the ordinarily separated categories—tragic, comic, fantastic, realistic—are combined so as to say chemically into a single entity". But with his next novel, *Those Barren Leaves*, "a discussion and fictional illustration of different views of life", he told his father:

The more business of telling a story interests me less and less. I find it very difficult to understand the mentality of a man like Bennett who can sit down and spin out an immensely realistic affair about life in Clerkenwell (his latest, *Riceman Steps* is that).

In most respects, Huxley's literary judgments were acute. He spotted the importance of *Ulysses*. *The Castle*, Graham Greene's first novel, *The Moon Within*, immediately, and described Santayana as "exquisitely good writing that is... only another kind of bad writing". His failure to see the fabulous excellence of *Riceman Steps* was a symptom of his abdication of novel-writing in favour of fictional homiletics, or of bridge-building between different disciplines.

Several times in his letters he announces:

I am not a born novelist, but some other kind of man of letters, possessing enough ingenuity to be able to simulate a novelist's behaviour not too unconvincingly. To put the matter physiologically, I am the wrong shape. Conan Doyle was a barrel, Wells is a tub. Dear old Arnold Bennett was a chamber pot on spindly legs and Marcel Proust was the wreck of congenial sickness. So what chance has an emaciated fellow on stilts? ... The gut of a round fat man, like G. K. Chesterton, may be as much as forty feet long. The gut of a thin man, like myself, may be as little as eighteen feet long and weigh less than half what the Chestertonian intestine weighs. It would obviously be miraculous if this physical difference were not correlated with a mental difference.

However one explains Huxley's qualities, as "cerebrotonic, ektonomorph, kerpititis-punctated, rickiast, short-gutted, he was not interested in people or he could not have written: "I might try my hand on a book on human beings and what, if anything, to do about them." At the age of twenty-two he wrote: "I should like to go on for ever fearing. I lust for knowledge, as well theoretic as empirical." It is his



Huxley in 1939-40

"learning" in both senses that made him a fascinating writer up to the end of his life. His curiosity was infinite, his polymathia, aided by a card-index system until the destruction of his Hollywood home, unequalled in his generation.

Learning more from books than from life, he was an analogist—or should one repeat his metaphor of "bridge-builder"? The nature of the universe, of time, space, eternity, finity and infinity, was for him a ravelled which could not be unraveled by specialists in any single discipline. Physics, chemistry, biology, psychology, physiology, sociology, politics, religion, economics, &c., might be necessary for finite human specialists as approaches to the nature of life. But his place was outside, looking on and pointing out connections unseen by others too committed.

He was not a joiner. He would not commit himself to political causes, because change in his view should be total. Though he did not believe in God he believed in a theocentric base for human action. In an imperfect world he saw that hypocrisy had its uses for good behaviour, and on November 18, 1938 he wrote to his brother Julian and favourably of "a crust of custom" next day he wrote refusing to write about the persecution of the Jews in Germany. "It is useless to treat small-pox by cutting out the individual pustules and stitching up the wounds." Yet it might have strengthened the "crust of custom".

He suffered from his refusal to be committed, except to pacifism. Elliot Waugh, Greene and Auden had found the way out of the post-First World War spiritual quandary in Christianity. But Christianity, as preached by the Churches, did violence to Huxley's reason; and, besides, it could not in his view be accepted as a world religion, because it was historically contaminated by Western imperialism. If he had been a joiner, he might have taken over theosophy. But that would have meant the abandonment of his congenial agnosticism.

His development was very strange. The seeds of his ideas were already planted in *Crome Yellow*; but as he grew older he praised the very things which he had earlier derided. So when, in 1918, he wrote to J. C. Squire, "How much I disapprove of the Wisdom of the East!" one can be certain that he will ultimately study oriental religions. When he writes in 1925 of the United States, "It's distressing to think that there, on the other side of the water, are one hundred and five million beings whose sole function—if you look at their lives sub specie eternitatis—is to provide people like us with money,

and that yet we remain poor", he will, twelve years later, emigrate to the United States for the rest of his life. And when he complains that Gerald Heard's *Ascend of Humanity* is written "in such a frightful way", this inevitably is the prelude to a life-long friendship.

What is the clue to this inconsistency, this embracing of what first was rejected? It is not revealed by Huxley's letters, which are throughout rather distant and become increasingly diffuse. But there are some indications. For example, there are remarks in 1925 about "love and humility, which are the same thing".

Men are more solitary now than they were; all authority has gone; the tribe has disappeared and every at all conscious man stands alone, surrounded by other solitary individuals and fragments of the old tribe, for which he feels no respect.

In the novels, a series of guru-figures appear from then on. But there was also a personal truth. Huxley later told his son: "When you were a child... I must have been—indeed know that I was—a pretty bad father." And when Maria died, he wrote: "In so far as I have learned to be human—and I had a great capacity for not being human—it is thanks to her."

The quest for humanity ran parallel with a search for God, in whose personality he could not believe. He compiled *The Perennial Philosophy*. Mysticism was a fact authenticated by his reading and by Maria's experience. She had trod the Divine Ground. But Huxley himself remained excluded. By what? By the Huxleyan rationalism? By *keratita punctata*? By the sort of deadness which had made him temporarily admire the life-force of D. H. Lawrence?

In parapsychological phenomena he found a possible solution. He had witnessed the remarkable telepathy of Gilbert Murray in 1915 and observed "it is a wonderful gift to possess". Two years later he talked about "bunkum about astral bodies". But when he had taken root in California he became interested in J. B. Rhine's far less interesting experiments in telepathy and in the whole range of "trip-sending" drugs. He wrote *The Doors of Perception* to describe his experiences under mesocain.

Whereas in the past he had hesitated to commit himself, he discarded his caution after his hallucinogenic conversion. Here was a means of seeing God without believing in him. He welcomed the idea of publicizing his visions in *Esquire*, which paid well by serving Mammón as well as God. He accepted, without medical evidence, that mesocain and L.S.D.

I have had to make some changes... owing to the discovery of a long monograph on "Memorini Peyotism" (the Memorini are Indians in a reservation in Wisconsin) by Professor Slotkin—put a penknife in the slotkin—published in the transactions of the American Philosophical Society in December, 1952.

In 1955 Maria died, Aldous conducting her into the other world with his left hand on her head and the right on her solar plexus, saying "Let go, let go...". He married thirteen months later Laura

Ham. She went home to die after five weeks of increasingly severe asthmatic attacks; and an inability to eat or speak, both probably exacerbated by an intellectual diet of *Punch* and *The Illustrated London News*—the doctors forbade the books she longed for.

Mrs. Glendinning does not doubt that the tragedy was the result of frustration and conflict. Long stifled with security, at once longed and feared to escape and never had chance to externalize her thoughts, and one does not question her theory. There is one letter from Winnie to Newman friend which is revealing as well as lacerating:

One of the things I wanted very much to discover by going to Newman was whether knowledge "per se" was really all-sufficient for some of the women of this age or whether they were only trying to drown their hearts in it as I suspected both of them and myself.

Damn Papa. The author was born at Seaborn. She was married, while at Somerville, to the present Duke of Southampton at the University of Southampton and has four sons. One is tempted to believe in progress.

For the young of today protest, more than almost any other activity, gives them a passport to the warm grandparents and great-grandparents. It was a solitary business, a matter of banners, and no certainty at all that they would overcome. For the heroine of Victoria Glendinning's book it was lethal.

Winnie Seeborn was a typical example of the highly intelligent girls of her period who, as Mrs. Glendinning puts it, "seem like lonely bonfires, burning away their frustration and emptiness into their diaries and private letters". The third daughter of the "six children of Frederic Seeborn, of Hitchin, she was taught his rich, cultivated Quaker clan—responsible, conscientious, weary in well-doing—which was never of the moral ornaments of nineteenth-century England. By the late quarter of the century Quaker families, while still devout, were oppressively strict, Quaker daughters, at the schoolroom stage, were properly, even strenuously, educated.



Huxley on his last visit to London in 1963

where non-addictive and did not cause personality disturbance, and by his advocacy gave the drugs a respectability he had refused to give to protests against the persecution of the Jews by Hitler. For once he had made a bridge between the specialists and the general public as great as that which his *Art of Seeing* had done, when he improved his sight by the use of the Bates method of eye-training, which enabled him to discard spectacles. Here was an exciting way of stimulating the mystical vision.

Even so he kept some sense of humour. To Dr. Humphry Osmond, a specialist working on mesocain treatment of schizophrenia, he wrote of his (unpublished) *Esquire* article:

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Archery, whose remarkable... *This Timeless Moment* describes the last years of his life.

Unlike Huxley's books, whether they were dystopian or utopian, *This Timeless Moment* is a work of art, always tentative suggestion.

The demand for improved machine-guns and quick-firing heavier weapons to drive off the new torpedo boats and destroyers, which were becoming ever larger and swifter and more numerous, resulted in the introduction of more efficient weapons to minimize this threat to the battleship.

Nor does he offer much new material to minimize this stylistic threat to his narrative. Nearly all the best letters in this book have been published before, and most of the best stories too. There is very little new about Fisher's upbringing in Ceylon: Mr. Hough does not appear to have visited the birthplace, and uncritically accepts many of Fisher's romantic assertions—even the Fisher's claim that he had been nominated for the Navy by Nelson's niece. The best part of the book, unexpectedly, is not the chapter which describes Fisher's disastrous indecision over the Dardanelles, but the account of his first period of office as First Sea Lord, when he pushed through the dramatic Selborne reforms of naval education, and launched the Dreadnought programme.

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Angry old admiral

HUGH: First Sea Lord. 224pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3 15s.

There are several good purposes to the writing of biography. One is the publication of new facts, another the proposal of new interpretations. One death which would probably be justified by biography as art, or as entertainment, or didactically, as a warning to the living.

She has dedicated her book to the flower children of all ages, and with their open hearts and minds, with their ages, and with their love and hope. Though a woman, she is not merely a partner, quite wrong to suggest that she is a minority of the flower children, could be accused of the sort of partiality which led to the ritual of Sharon Tate and others, and which would still maintain a hold in 1954.

How odd it is that writers like Huxley and Chesterton may sing the praises of alcohol which is responsible for two thirds of the car accidents, and the quarters of the crimes of violence, be regarded as good Christians and noble fellows, whereas anyone who writes to suggest that there may be other and less harmful short cuts to self-tranquillization is treated as a dangerous drug fiend and wisest of weak-minded humbugs.

It was Huxley's weakness as a thinker that ideas came bubbling up too easily. A new hypothesis or experiment was worth trying and the experiment was worth trying in some ways, the secret of better. Since it might go to the how wrong, or narrow, the experiments were. Agnostic, he was prejudiced, unprejudiced, he was anything.

This meant that many of his essays were merely fast-decaying and thinking as end themselves. It is in his works of biography and history, *Emmeline* and *The Death of London*, that he was at his best: "expounding in concrete terms, therefore all the more penetrating, a variety of general ideas". His own words he stated: "The narrative does not suffer from being too philosophy radiates... And general ideas take on greater life through being concretized in... particular case history." It might also be put in another way: his life was so fertile that left to themselves they proliferated in an unmanageable jungle: given the discipline of historical fact, his intellect could enlighten the strange, dark corners of human nature that at the same time fascinated, delighted and repelled him.

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A mirror held up to nature

ROY STRONG: The English Icon: Elizabethan and Jacobean Portraiture. 388pp. The Paul Mellon Foundation for British Art with Routledge and Kegan Paul. £10.10s. Tudor and Jacobean Portraits. Vol. 1: Text. 390pp. Vol. 2: 693 plates. H.M.S.O. £15.15s. the set. The Elizabethan Image: Painting in England 1540-1620. Catalogue of an Exhibition organized at the Tate Gallery. 28 November 1989-8 February 1990. 18s. (Paperback, 12s. 6d.)

"Christ, what a fright!", exclaimed Princess Charlotte, the eldest daughter of George III, on being shown a miniature of Queen Elizabeth by Hilliard, so far was the art of the period alien to late eighteenth-century aesthetic ideas. Indeed with the attempts of Henry Prince of Wales and his younger brother Charles I to bring the culture of their father's somewhat old-fashioned English court rather more into line with that of continental Europe, many Elizabethan portraits had already begun to be pushed into the back passages of English country houses within less than a century of their creation. There they mouldered in the damp British climate until repainting, often very crudely attempted, became necessary lest the pigment actually fall off the picture surface of these neglected ancestral images.

The death of Hilliard, the greatest Elizabethan artist of them all, in 1619 marked the end of an age. When Van Dyck finally settled here in 1632 his work made Elizabethan portraiture appear, as even the enthusiastic author of the three books under review admits, "like so much gaudy dross" by comparison. And dross it remained in the eyes of most owners until well on in the present age. Neither the first Special National Portrait Exhibition held at South Kensington in 1866 nor the enthusiasm of Victorian historians like Froude for the age of the first Elizabeth, succeeded in rekindling interest in Elizabethan painting. That task was left to the twentieth century. Rehabilitation began with Sir Lionel Cust and the Burlington Fine Arts Club's Exhibition Illustrative of Early English Portraiture held in 1909. N. enthusiasm, and that of a few students inspired by his example, like Mrs. Lane Poole, Miss Mary Hervey, C. F. Bell, R. W. Gooding and A. J. Finberg, began to illuminate such forgotten artists as Hans Eworth, the De Critz family and Robert Peake, and to distinguish what really was by the younger Marcus Gheeraerts from the innumerable paintings which merely bore his name by tradition.

But since the end of the Second World War the study of Elizabethan art has speeded up greatly. The first milestone was the splendid exhibition of miniatures by Hilliard and Oliver organized and admirably catalogued by Graham Reynolds in 1947. This was followed by Miss Erna Auerbach's richly documented if somewhat uncritical and confused *Tudor Artists* (1954) and her better organized study *Nicholas Hilliard* (1961). Two of Cust's successors as Directors of the National Portrait Gallery, David Piper and Roy Strong, have been particularly closely associated with the revival of interest in Elizabethan and Jacobean painting; and during the past decade Mr. Strong has led the field: publishing a long series of learned articles, an iconography of Queen Elizabeth, a study of Henry VIII's relations with Holbein, and organizing important exhibitions devoted to The Winter Queen and Hans Eworth. This year his work has blossomed in a series of magisterial volumes, exhibitions, television interviews and "happenings". First to appear was the huge catalogue of the Tudor and Jacobean Portraits in the National Portrait Gallery itself, perhaps the bulkiest catalogue ever to be devoted to a smallish group of paintings—there are about 200 of them. To coincide with the catalogue's appearance, the galleries where they are displayed have been rehung with

that acute sense of showmanship which has already enlivened the Portrait Gallery greatly during his short tenure of the directorship. The latest of his publications, *The English Icon*, is a full-length study of the portraiture of the same period and its appearance has been made to coincide with a wide-ranging exhibition of Elizabethan portraits at the Tate Gallery which Mr. Strong has organized and catalogued.

A series of articles appearing in the *Burlington Magazine* and other serious art journals over the past two decades (six of Mr. Strong's own most important ones are reprinted as appendices to *The English Icon*) have gradually been making a number of Elizabethan painters emerge from the mist which obscured, for earlier generations, all but their names. Even these were sometimes unknown until recently, as is the case with William Larkin—an "unsung master"—and perhaps the most appealing of them all—who first appeared on the scene when two signed examples of his work were found at Charlotte Park in 1952. Gower, Peake, Scroto and Segar are now reasonably well defined personalities, as is John Bettes; while the scope of Hans Eworth's art and that of the younger Marcus Gheeraerts have become a good deal clearer than they were to earlier writers. Even so, Mr. Strong's well-informed readers will probably be surprised by the number of sixteenth and seventeenth-century artists to whom he is able to ascribe a group of portraits with reasonable certainty. If the still anonymous painters like the "Master John" recorded in Princess Mary's Privy Purse accounts, or Mr. Strong's own "Master of the Countess of Warwick" are included, the work of a full thirty is discussed in the three books under review and no less than 364 paintings by or ascribed to them are illustrated. Learning is everywhere marshalled with great skill, and it is rarely that Mr. Strong can be faulted. But surely the Latin inscription on the anonymous but haunting portrait of the young John Donne is adapted wittily from the evensong collect for Peace and is not "a parody of the psalms" as the Tate catalogue asserts. And one misses from the list of works attributed to Stephen van de Meulen in *The English Icon* the Wallace Collection's "Earl of Leicester", attributed to this artist in the same author's National Portrait Gallery catalogue *Tudor and Jacobean Portraits*.

Mr. Strong's method is, for the most part, the common-sense art historical procedure of starting from signed or documented works and other works to group around them the case of certain painters like Hieronymo Custodis and Robert Peake their idiosyncratic use of inscriptions has also provided additional support to stylistic criteria. In his catalogues of the works of individual artists Mr. Strong distinguishes perfectly clearly between documented, semi-documented portraits and those he attributes on stylistic grounds alone. How convincing these latter are the public can judge from the current exhibition being held at the Tate Gallery, where more than half the paintings discussed in *The English Icon* are being exhibited. Although "Painting in England 1540-1620" is the sub-title of the exhibition, in fact only two paintings which are not portraits are included, both of them antipapal allegories. In *The English Icon*, understandably, subject pictures play an even slighter part. The orgy of iconoclasm with which the period opened and which was not slowed down until Elizabeth's proclamation in 1559 practically killed historical painting in England. The same wild anti-Romanism also severed any artistic links with Italy, for to the Elizabethan mind, subject painting meant, in effect, religious painting. It is true that the Elizabethan love of allegory and riddling emblems

occasionally makes their portraits almost tumble into subject painting in spite of themselves, as in Eworth's strange representation of "Sir John Luttrell" rising like a merman from the sea, or the "Elizabeth I and the Three Graces" from Hampton Court. But this is usually as near as they got to real subject painting. Accurate representations of themselves and their families was what the Elizabethans and Jacobean unquestionably wanted most, with perhaps a series of the King's and Queen's portraits and possibly a few great continental figures to enliven the Long Gallery in the larger houses of the period. They wanted them, too, to make the sitter's (and the owner's) social status perfectly clear. Bess of Hardwick's collection (which remains relatively intact at Hardwick today) was certainly designed to stress the exalted connections that this offspring of a Derbyshire yeoman had established by family marriages. It was all part of the genealogical mania which beset the age. It struck Lord Lumley particularly badly: he was the possessor of the most famous collection of the age, which included not only painted ancestral portraits but numerous sculptures, equestrian statues, busts and groups, all of which transformed Lumley Castle into "a pantheon dedicated to the vanished glories of his house" as Mr. Strong describes it. More sharply, James I remarked: "I did not ken Adam's other name was Lumley".

This emphasis on iconology, complementing the aesthetic concern of *The English Icon*, is almost the sole

Above the Doge's head

JUERGEN SCHULZ: Venetian Painted Ceilings of the Renaissance. 244pp. University of California Press. (I.B.E.G.) £11.18s.

It would be understandable if the most vivid memories in the minds of visitors to the Palazzo Ducale in Venice were not of the architecture of the building nor of the works of art that it contains, but of the ornate gilt wood and painted ceilings which, in room after room, create an overpowering sense of material wealth and visual opulence. There is the Sala del Consiglio dei Dieci, which still preserves two of its three great paintings by Veronese (one of them, the largest, was taken by the French and is now in the Louvre); the Sala della Bussola, also by Veronese and also, for the same reason, lacking its centrepiece; the Stanza del Tre Capi, with Veronese's beautiful allegories of Victory and Nemesis; the Salotto Quadrato, with Tintoretto's majestic painting of Girolamo Friuli with his patron saint accompanied by Peace and Justice; the Sala degli Inquisitori di Stato, also by Tintoretto; the Sala del Collegio, for which Veronese produced three masterpieces; the vast Sala del Maggior Consiglio, on which both these artists and a horde of minor painters collaborated; the Sala del Pregadi, one of Tintoretto's last official commissions, with its impressive but unequal central painting of Venice receiving the tribute of the Sala del Scrutinio, painted by a pupil of Titian; and the Sala del Scrutinio itself, whose ceiling dates from the very end of the sixteenth century, when Veronese and Tintoretto were both dead. Given the importance of these and many similar works elsewhere in the city, it is surprising that the Venetian painted ceiling did not many years ago form the subject of a book. Had it done so, we might have one of the best books on Venetian High Renaissance painting to have appeared for many years.

The subject is a far from easy one, since the ceilings demand analysis from a number of different points of view. They must be studied in

historically (two of the ceilings in the Palazzo Ducale are decorated with historical scenes, and some of the others are historically motivated), and formally (in terms of the development between the articulation of San Saverio's ceiling in the Libreria di San Marco and that of Cristoforo Sorte's ceilings at the end of the century), and optically (in relation to the projection of the paintings incorporated in them and of the space illusion they were intended to create), and stylistically (since they include many great paintings by great artists). Professor Schulz's success in handling this intractable material is due in large part to the fact that he has drawn a clear distinction between the those who write books on art-history know how tempting it is to allow facts to seep back from the catalogue into the text, and only those who read the text, and only those who read the text, know how prejudicial the practice is. The really useful books are those with a lucid text which is not clogged with information, where the writer allows himself the elbow-room to generalize. In the present book even amateur iconographical speculation is eschewed, and the result is a fascinating study not only of the development of Venetian ceiling decoration in the High Renaissance, but of its antecedents in the fifteenth century and of its outcome in the seventeenth in Rubens's ceilings for the Jesuit Church at Antwerp and for Whitehall, and in the eighteenth century in Tiepolo's ceiling paintings in the Royal Palace in Madrid.

The detailed history of the Venetian painted ceiling can be traced only from the 1540s, when Vasari, only briefly in Venice, engaged on a ceiling for the Palazzo Corner-Spinelli, and Titian was at work on the ceiling of Santo Spirito in Isola (the paintings from which are now in the sacristy of the Salute) and of the Scuola di San Giovanni Evangelista (of which the central canvas is in Washington). Painted in emulation of the St. John on Patmos from this last ceiling is a less typical and less congenial than Tiepolo's only other surviving work in the same genre, the

"Allegory of Wisdom" painted by the vestibule of the Libreria di San Marco. In the mid-1540s Tintoretto also makes his first appearance as a ceiling painter, with the "Apollo and Marsyas" from the house of Pietro Arcetino, now in the Wadsworth Atheneum. It is argued by Professor Schulz that two ceiling paintings in the Contini-Bonassini collection, generally dated c. 1580, were painted at the same time, but this case is unconvincing.

The early 1550s bring with them a series of masterpieces by Veronese, opening with the painting of "Juno showering Riches over Venice" in the Sala del Consiglio dei Dieci, and culminating in 1555 in the sacrifice of San Sebastiano. The sacrificial ceiling is followed immediately by what are perhaps the most brilliant of all Venetian ceiling paintings: the scenes from the story of Esther in the nave of the church. By comparison the ceiling of the Libreria, where Veronese is found working alongside Salvati, Battista Franco, Zelotti and other artists, is comparatively unimpressive. Not until the decoration of the Sala del Collegio in 1576-78 do we encounter a further cycle that reveals the whole of his extraordinary powers.

Tintoretto in the mid-1550s was engaged in the Casa Barbo near San Pantaleone: on a ceiling of which the only surviving section is the "Allegory of Dreams" in Detroit, and he realizes his full potential as a ceiling painter only in the following decade in the Albergo of the Scuola di San Rocco, which was followed, after a short lapse of time, by the sublime biblical scenes in the Sala Superiore of the Scuola. Thereafter the story is one of slow decline: first in those parts of the Palazzo Ducale decorated after the fire of 1577 where the ideas of Tintoretto and Veronese were realized in large part by studio hands; and then in the Sala di San Giovanni Evangelista, painted by Giuliano and the Scuola di San Rocco, and the continued ceiling by Giovanni Contarini in San Francesco di Paola. It remains to be seen if an excellent book is illustrated as well and amply as it deserves.

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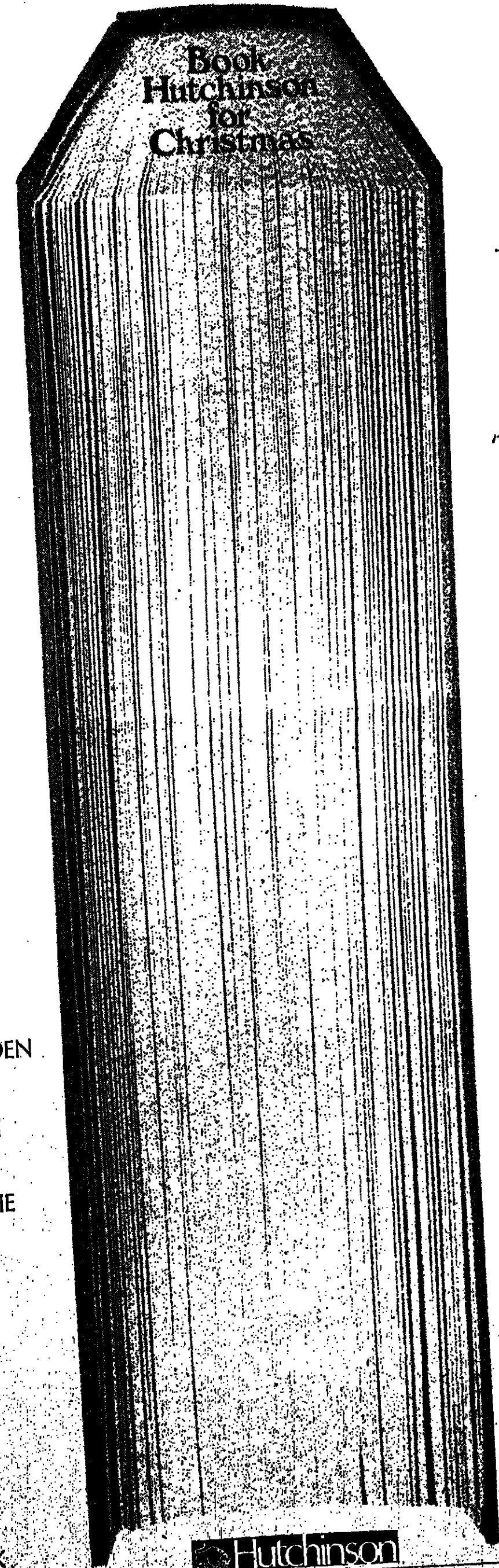
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A HISTORY OF PTERIDOMANIA



John G. Little

Irish bulls

The Tain. Translated by Thomas Kinsella. 294pp. Dolmen Press. London: Oxford University Press. £9.10s.

It is said both often and justly that if early Irish literature produced a work of epic style and stature, that work is the *Táin Bó Cuailnge*, "The Cattle Raid of Cooley". It is a tale told in prose, interspersed with verse, and there have always been difficulties in the way of its free enjoyment, even in translation, by the common reader. It has been haphazardly preserved in Latin manuscripts, is less than tidy not only in what it contains but by virtue of what it omits, and all too many of its verses resist an agreed interpretation. It has been Mr. Kinsella's admirable ambition to get the whole thing into shape, offer such guidelines as enable the reader to move confidently through it, and convey in strong, lively words the abounding strength and liveliness of its Irish original.

One might more accurately say "originals". For the story is presented here in two parts: "Before the Tain" and "The Tain". Whether "The Tain" is considered to begin either with the assembly of an army to carry off the Brown Bull of Cuailnge, as in the Yellow Book of Lecan, or with the pillow-talk of Queen Medb and Ailill in Cruachan, and Medb's resolution to overmatch the White Horned bull of her husband, as in the Book of Leinster, in either case we are desirous of preliminaries. What was the Brown Bull? What was the sickness on the men of Ulster, so that it was Cúchulainn alone who opposed the hosts of Connacht? Who was Cúchulainn, and why was this a task within his heroic range? Indeed, what is the *Táin*, and how was it preserved, and then recovered, in antiquity?

A number of stories inform us of these necessary matters, and "Before the Tain" rests upon eight of them, gallantly and zestfully presented. They form roughly one-fifth of the story. "The Tain" is then set out in fourteen chapters, beginning with the pillow-talk of Medb and Ailill, and ending with the final battle between the armies, in which the revived men of Ulster take part, and the bull-battle in which the Brown Bull destroyed the White

Horned Bull and thereafter bestowed a string of place-names on Ireland before he tore up the ground and fell down dead at Druim Tairb.

Mr. Kinsella is strongly committed to the story and its larger-than-life protagonists. Equally, he is committed to his reader's entertainment, and to that end allows himself certain liberties with his original:

Sentence structure and tense, for example, have been changed without hesitation; proper names have been substituted for pronouns, and vice versa; a different range of verbs has been used, and so on. His basic text is that of the Yellow Book of Lecan, but he has made free use of other manuscript sources, and has not been afraid to reorganize parts of the material. Some of his procedures may produce scholarly wincing, but if we judge his *Táin*, as we should, in the light of his declared aims, then he has triumphed, and with a hero's salmon-leap worthy of the Hound of Culann himself. This is a version of an ancient epic story made splendid and exciting by the words of a poet, and reaching for all those effects of grandeur, heroic excess, fantasy, high emotion, frequent rhetoric and occasional bluntness achieved by the *Táin* and its attendant stories.

The book is a handsome production, elegantly printed in Dublin, and illustrated with a set of brush drawings by Louis le Brocqy which stress various of its characteristics without intruding on the story. There are two maps: "The Ireland of the Tain" and "The Route of the Tain", three reproductions of pages from the original manuscripts, and an appendix of notes and information about the *Táin* and its aims and methods in newly rendering it.

"C'est ainsi que finit le monde/ Pas sur un boum, sur un murmure/ anyone who wants to go over to quoting Eliot in French should certainly have the excellent bilingual edition of his best-known poetry now published by Editions du Seuil (239 pp., 20 fr.). *La Terre Vaine*, "Mercredi des Cendres", and *Quatre quatuors* are all included, together with some shorter poems. The translations and notes are by Pierre Leyris, a highly productive, skilled and scrupulous translator from the English.

DER NEUE KUNSTBAND

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This new title comprises all artistic subjects of German renaissance—architecture, painting, the graphic arts, sculpture, and industrial art. The exceptionally fine pictures of well known and lesser published yet characteristic and valuable works of art from the renaissance era from museums in the GDR and abroad give a splendid overall optical impression of this significant epoch of German history of art. The noted Leipzig aesthetician Professor Johannes Jahn, one of whose specific areas of research work is renaissance, has selected these pictures with particular care and described them in his well-known lively and factual style in the introductory part on this epoch and its characteristic phenomena which accompanies the pictures by their concise and apt characterisation.

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Free Welsh versions

ROBERT GURNEY: *Bardic Heritage*. A Selection of Welsh Poetry in Free English Translation. 185pp. Chatto and Windus. £2.2s.

The more notable recent translators of Welsh poetry into English verse have been either bilingual Welshmen, and academics at that, like Professor Gwyn Williams and Mr. Anthony Conran, or students grown pastmasters and powerfully sustained by native scholarship, like Professor Clancy of New York. In general they have sought not to produce "free" versions, but to shape their metal as close as they can to the original mould. It will depend on one's taste and conviction in about equal degree whether one thinks it no bad thing to receive a set of translations from a more liberal, and certainly less rigorous hand, or whether one concludes that the amplified style of translation and consciously poetic diction employed by Robert Gurney belong to yesterday, and have little or no relevance to the translator's task today.

The verse throughout *Bardic Heritage* is fluent, pleasurable, and graceful. It is likewise varied. There must be ten or a dozen different metrical forms resorted to for the fifty poems translated from Dafydd ap Gwilym, and Mr. Gurney's zealous virtuosity is apparent in everything he does. With the example of Dafydd before him he even translates a poem of sixty-two lines all rhyming—May-gay-say-fay-may-vea and so on—and does it, impossibly well; and there are metrical echoes from the English Middle Ages and other literary periods, to be heard in his renderings of poems composed at those times. Granted the aim, and granted the method, Mr. Gurney can do it to perfection. The question is whether, save in the sense

that every man must write to please himself and those who think like him, this is the thing to do.

It is easy to list the likelier causes of dissatisfaction among critics in Wales and the knowledgeable everywhere. "Free" often means "very free", and it is legitimate to ask why one eyed *Dafydd ap Gwilym* is made to sound and look so unlike another. And why not at least suggest the *englyn*-structure, where that distinctive, powerful, poignant, and almost all-purpose form obtains? The representation of post-fifteenth-century poets is so exiguous as to appear accidental, a mere using up of odds and ends. On two facing pages we find these statements: "Several unacceptable couplets that mar the original have been omitted from this translation," and "In strict chronological sequence Huw Morrys should follow here, his penultimate position in the text was decided on for aesthetic reasons." Why unacceptable? What aesthetic reasons? This is curiously like the little-known North Monmouthshire epitaph:

Underneath this pile of stones
Lies the body of Mary Jones.
Her name was James, it wasn't Jones,
But Jones was put, to rhyme with stones.

Also, it must be some time since a poet needed a "forsooth", "albeit", "avast", and "behoof", or a deal of other diction employed here.

Finally, in his wish to take and give pleasure (and to the non-Welsh reader he will give much), Mr. Gurney seems at times concerned to "improve" his author, to move him nearer to an English convention. Space allows just one example, which also illustrates the difference of aim and effect between Mr. Gurney and other current practitioners. The original is a three-line verse from the poetry associated, rather as subject

than author, with Llywarch Hen, the Old. That comes out in English: George Steiner, *On Pasternak* and *On Tolstoy*. These are now joined by R. F. Christian's *Tolstoy*. The difference between them is in fact a difference in value. Both the critics approached Tolstoy as a territory which lay outside the real field of interest, where they readily challenged and tempted him to the more cluttered and than in the more chattered field of English studies. Professor Christian's approach is less spectacular and generally sounder, as belittles a scholar who has already made an important contribution to Tolstoy scholarship with his study of *War and Peace*. He knows the extent of Tolstoy's research on it with proper respect, and he shows that he is acquainted with recent work on the subject on both sides of the Atlantic and in the Antipodes. He has his erudition lightly but with a cast that gives balance and cogency to his judgments and only occasionally evokes a faintly demure response in his otherwise grateful and enthusiastic reader.

Wooden crook, it is autumn;
Brown the bracken, the stable yet
him I refused is now my fellow.
(Gwyn Williams)

Wooden crook, it is autumn;
Blackened red, stubble sere,
I've surrendered all I love.
(A. Conran)

The common aim, unmistakable, is to get as close as possible to the original, even in word-count. The aim to be translated are:

Baglan brenn neu Llywarch
rwyd redyn melyn kal
neir oligreis a garaf.

All three translators give the first line, literally, and the second practically so. In the third Mr. Conran gives the closest by dispensing with rhyme and assonance. Mr. Gurney offers:

Wooden crook, it is not the harvest
brown the fern, the stable yet
When I, once wont to roam, now move
in the country.

In many readers this will be the most pleasing of the four, the most poetic. But what has it to do with Llywarch Hen? Mr. Gurney's translation is an attempt to reproduce in English something of which the old Welsh had no word, not have been too ashamed had it been reborn into the twentieth century for the express purpose of making English versions of their poems. It would be interesting to see the Time Machine allowed to take the Ancient's comment on that.

J. CHRISTIAN: *Tolstoy*. 294pp. Clarendon University Press. £2.15s. (hardback, 18s.)

In the past decade two notable acts of criticism on Tolstoy have taken place in English: George Steiner's *On Pasternak* and *On Tolstoy*, and R. F. Christian's *Tolstoy*. These are now joined by R. F. Christian's *Tolstoy*. The difference between them is in fact a difference in value. Both the critics approached Tolstoy as a territory which lay outside the real field of interest, where they readily challenged and tempted him to the more cluttered and than in the more chattered field of English studies. Professor Christian's approach is less spectacular and generally sounder, as belittles a scholar who has already made an important contribution to Tolstoy scholarship with his study of *War and Peace*. He knows the extent of Tolstoy's research on it with proper respect, and he shows that he is acquainted with recent work on the subject on both sides of the Atlantic and in the Antipodes. He has his erudition lightly but with a cast that gives balance and cogency to his judgments and only occasionally evokes a faintly demure response in his otherwise grateful and enthusiastic reader.

Above all, he has at his command deep knowledge of Russian which enables him both appreciative and critical of nuances in Tolstoy's work that the earlier critic would not have been equipped to understand; and he enriches his text with many judicious translations from the original that make one wish he would undertake a major work of translation from Tolstoy, simply for the pleasure of reading a text so illuminated by an understanding of the language.

With needless modesty, but no

doubt aptly for his own purposes, he sub-titles his study a "critical introduction". It is of an introductory character in the sense that it can be easily assimilated by the intelligent non-specialist. Yet it is clearly of great value to the student. So much information, drawn from Soviet research into Tolstoy's archives, his early drafts, letters, diaries and memoirs about him, is offered for the first time that this study is introductory in more senses than one. But allied to such an informed comment is a critical acumen which probes and questions many presumptions about Tolstoy and rightly justifies the use of the term "critical" in the sub-title.

Professor Christian is critical, for example, of certain aspects of Tolstoy's characterization in *Childhood*, *War and Peace*, and has marshalled the exaggerations in the style and content of *Confession* and many of the later works, particularly the plays; but he eloquently defends what he considers to be Tolstoy's most important contribution to literature, his study of *War and Peace*. He knows the extent of Tolstoy's research on it with proper respect, and he shows that he is acquainted with recent work on the subject on both sides of the Atlantic and in the Antipodes. He has his erudition lightly but with a cast that gives balance and cogency to his judgments and only occasionally evokes a faintly demure response in his otherwise grateful and enthusiastic reader.

With needless modesty, but no

The great proletarian novel?

MR MITCHELL: *Robert Tresselt and The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*. 200pp. Lawrence and Wishart. £2.5s.

Some books are household words, and are hardly ever read. Others are read from generation to generation, but have no significance or place in literature. *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* is that rare kind of novel needing to be rediscovered by each generation. Nearly sixty years have passed since it was written, fifty-five since it was published. In that time there have been a score of reprints and new editions. Yet, far more often than not, new readers do not pick it up as an accepted work. They enjoy it with surprise.

This is all the more puzzling because immediately after the First World War, when the North of England was still Radical, the shilling edition of the book was well known and went from hand to hand, particularly among journalists, who are supposed to be the sowers of popular reputations. And *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* is a proletarian novel in the first sense of that word, if ever there was one.

The time has surely come to do justice to Grant Richards and Jessie Pope. The story of how Miss Pope gave the manuscript to Tresselt's daughter (the author's real name was Noonan, but his play of it to keep his pseudonym) is a remarkable one. It was the one good word on one of the implements of his house-decoration (read: how he cut it down at Richards' second edition, it is invariably declared to be a declared a great discovery) was that its full text was not published till 1955. For from beginning to end it is a work of art, the kind of thing that would not be published in the end sink it.

be asked whether, by their action, Grant Richards and Jessie Pope did not save it.

Had the work appeared intact in its first edition in April, 1914, it is doubtful if it would have survived. An unknown volume of that size would not have been likely to get a reprint during the war that started less than four months later. A novel of that length and on that subject would have gained few readers in the ensuing decade. The shilling edition in 1916 was short enough to get the work re-born—for by then, a new public was arising—and had enough of the real stuff in it to keep the work alive. This vitality, and the book's awareness, kept it going. Ten years after the close of a Second World War the time was ripe to print the whole manuscript.

Mr. Mitchell's study is the most exhaustive and the most interesting of the novel's history. It is a novel that has never been written in Britain, then there is no very great threat to the established order here from native fiction. And the placing of Tresselt with Gorky, Barbusse, and Paderewski is a rather extraordinary novel which is a remarkable one. It was the one good word on one of the implements of his house-decoration (read: how he cut it down at Richards' second edition, it is invariably declared to be a declared a great discovery) was that its full text was not published till 1955. For from beginning to end it is a work of art, the kind of thing that would not be published in the end sink it.

That does not lessen the novel's interest or power. But it is a literary power more than a political one. Mr. Mitchell is justified in finding in it "the quality of great art". Tresselt had, and had cultivated, a true ear for working men's dialogue. He could draw characters strongly within a narrow range. But while, as Raymond Williams points out in his foreword, Tresselt's naming of characters by their moral qualities—Sweater, Didlum, Crass, Grinder, Slynne, and so on—links him with Bunyan, his bosses were caricatures. Mr. Mitchell finds this satisfying. "Through the method of caricature," Tresselt brings out and highlights the underlying and continuous features of the exploiters." Many of the scenes in this novel "constructed like a cartwheel"—a good simile of Mr. Mitchell's—each with what seems a minimum of author's effort. And Mr. Mitchell puts his finger on what is perhaps the novel's outstanding quality: "The new and unique thing about *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* is that the actual labour process itself, that is, man at work, is the main object of artistic interest for the author."

That being so, the fact that none of the characters really develops—as they should, apparently, in all good socialist novels—and that the position of society and of the individual character is not much the same at the end as at the beginning "need not concern the ordinary reader as much as it does Mr. Mitchell. After all the exegesis and political analysis the last word can safely be left to Tresselt himself. "The Philanthropists" is not a treatise on society, but a novel. My main object was to write a readable story full of human interest and based on the happenings of everyday life. Any weightier import too firmly attached to the novel's fame would in the end sink it.

Believer's vision

J. E. FLOWER: *Intention and Achievement*. The Novels of Francois Mauriac. 123pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. 25s.

Mr. Flower's title is a neat description of his approach to the novels of Francois Mauriac. In his opening chapter he examines various statements of "intention" by Mauriac, Bernanos and Maritain. He then proceeds to assess Mauriac's "achievement" in the light of them. He devotes a substantial chapter to the first four novels, which in his opinion have been unduly neglected. His discussion of "Mauriac's Bourgeois World" is sound without being particularly original. The chapter on "The Natural Pattern of Grace" is the best in the book and contains a perceptive analysis of Mauriac's imagery. In the chapters on "Mauriac's Enchanted Family" and "Latter-day Saints" he reassesses *Le Mystère Frontenac*, which has been greatly over-praised, and considers the peculiar weaknesses which came into the novelist's work with *La Pharisienne* and were repeated in *L'Agneau*. There is a postscript on Mauriac's latest novel, the recently published *Un Adolescent d'entrepris* (reviewed in the TLS on April 10, 1969).

Two main principles emerge from the general discussion of "The Catholic novel". The Catholic novelist is entitled to the same freedom as any secular novelist in dealing with any and every aspect of life. His vision is necessarily informed by his beliefs, but it is to be artistically valid, religious must be an integral part of the novel and never be allowed to degenerate into didacticism. The Catholic novelist's insistence on freedom has been a major source of controversy. If Mauriac, Graham Greene and Jean Cayrol have sometimes repudiated the description of themselves as "Catholic novelists" and maintained that they are simply Catholics who write novels, it is partly on account of the violent attacks on their work by their co-religionists. While one can have little patience with the intrusion of pious busybodies into the field of literary criticism, it is not difficult to see what gave rise to it. There is a strong puritanical—one might almost say Janesist—strain in Mauriac, but it does not exclude a certain connivance, an obvious if somewhat guilty relish in dwelling on the cruder details of sexual experience.

There are two possible views of the effect of these attacks on Mauriac himself. One is that they were largely responsible for the conversion, in the sense of a deepening of religious feeling, which took place about 1930 and therefore for the supposed superiority of the post-conversion novels. The other is that the infusion of a larger dose of religion into the novels was not an improvement. Although Mr. Flower shows no sympathy for Mauriac's attackers, he is in no doubt over the result. In his opinion Mauriac's achievement is a limited one. "With a repeated in *L'Agneau*, 'Mauriac comes near to achieving what two years earlier both he and Bernanos had considered an impossibility: the novel about grace.' So, too, is the view that the best of Mauriac is to be found in pre-conversion novels, like *Thérèse Desqueyres*, *Le Dessert de l'Amour*, and *Destiny*, precisely because in them religion is unhelpful instead of explicit, and implies the novelist's vision of life without intruding on the reader.

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John C. 116

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Nobody can ever have thought it easy to write a successful novel, but few would guess just what a strenuous affair it is until they study Mr. Irving Wallace's account of how he achieved *The Price*—after serving a sentence of self-imposed hard labour stretching, from conception to the book's birth, across a gestation period of sixteen years.

Was it worth it? Certainly it was for Mr. Wallace. The book made a big hit in the United States, Britain and other countries, the pre-publication film rights, brought six figures, and the author shows no inclination to disagree with the attitude—now getting modish as never before—that what millions like is a thousand times as good as what thousands like. Yet it would be a pity if his account of this massive enterprise. *The Writing of One Novel* (New English Library, 250pp, 35s.), were to be regarded as just another round in the eternal battle between literary toms and poms, brain-children and money-spinners.

The report on the Obscenity Laws which the Arts Council's Working Party issued last July is now available—freely available, of course—from André Deutsch in hardback (30s.). Since Parliament seems unlikely to respond with much haste to the Report's plea for a repeal of the long-discredited Obscene Publications Act, the leisurely circulation of this intelligent, amusing and well-written document will have its usefulness. Most people, one imagines, are fairly confused about the issue and few, certainly, feel as rapturous about unbacked Denmark as the André Deutsch blurb-writer. "May we one day rise, that happy state!" this zealot cries, thus echoing—if ludicrously—the note of evangelistic fervour which runs through the whole report and which we mildly complained of when it was first issued.

There really doesn't seem to be much substance in the working party's frequently implied belief that the repeal of one ill-framed Act of Parliament will have widely therapeutic consequences. If society is worried about being sexually repressed, the Obscene Publications Act is surely among the least of its worries. The one desirable effect of repeal that can be confidently predicted is merely that we won't have any more of those absurd court cases (some of which, it might be murmured, have been at least as absorbing as the books they were concerned with). For which relief, we will of course be asked to accept many more of those absurd, sad *Soho* sex-satials. Neither upshot, it seems to us, can be viewed with much missionary passion.

But the book itself—called simply *The Obscenity Laws*—is a good read, marshalling the pros and cons with style, and taking "evidence" from a suitably wide-ranging group of witnesses. Whenever legal matters are under discussion, either abstractly or—as in the fascinating case of the much-pursued Jean

Mr. Wallace got some highly mixed notices for his novel, and is understandably testy with those critics who equate smash hits with poisons and who disregard what he calls "the inevitable brain-racking agony and back-breaking effort" which is the hell that "all writing writers know". Inevitable? Understatement is not among Mr. Wallace's weaknesses. Yet this is more than a self-justifying exhumation and autopsy of a 1962 best-seller. It shows not only the grinding industry that Mr. Wallace knows, but also the intense professionalism, the documentary obsession, the humourlessness, involved in the sort of big-money novel likely to be taken up by the film men. Mr. Wallace provides an appendix showing his detailed work-chart, and from this we learn that his labour on *The Prize* added up to 582 days or 3,101 man-hours. As good a writer as Arnold Bennett, it is fair to recall, had the same sort of statistical twitch, a compulsion to count words, hours, earnings.

Yet as a productivity exercise the figures cannot be very meaningful. How do you measure the cost-effectiveness of a writer's labours? Earlier novelists 'would have expected to be judged by the quality of their invention, but the new realism is so addicted to documentary accuracy that the search for this alone must have accounted for many of Mr. Wallace's production man-hours. Since his novel was about the Nobel prizes it was obviously necessary to take a lot of care to get the background right. Much travelling and interviewing were involved: for him, a handbook, a stack of press

cuttings and a map of Stockholm would by no means do the trick. Needing a young Swedish girl as one of his characters, he dines with half a dozen. Fair enough. Occasionally, and more suspiciously, his experience is by proxy. Wanting material about a Paris dress show, and finding it inconvenient to pop over, he asks someone to attend one for him and write to him about it. But this is rare. Normally this author has to be on location, imbuing data and atmosphere. One of his asides, about another of his books, has a kind of splendor of "What I wanted," he tells us, "was first-hand experience of the Presidency."

We are reminded at this point of Flaubert's "I am Madame Bovary," though Flaubert did not put on woman's clothes to say it. The power of imagination and here Mr. Wallace reflects his time and not just his own experience—is no longer enough. Novelists have become part depth-reporters, part sociological field-workers. Is this new sort of documentary processing a substitute for creative talent or a new form of it? What of judgment, insight, the creative subtleties of omission? The quality of Mr. Wallace's self-judgment looks on the low side when not forgetting Graham Greene—he allows the Swedes to assure him that "there had never been a major novel told against a Swedish background by a foreigner". If Mr. Greene is minor, Mr. Wallace is scarcely there at all.

The most likable and revealing part of this book is where he approaches nearest to introspection, since it is here that his experience

can best be related to that of the authors. He describes the fear that when, in his elaborate preparatory work, he actually starts writing, the questions his motivation. Why do people write novels? Money, of course, vanity, neurotic drive, etc. And this is what Mr. Wallace says for the only way to peace, to oneself of a self-assumed burden.

And those work-charts: most artists presumably stress themselves some kind of written plan, if it is complex than his. One may question whether even these are entirely fictional. They may be for self-disciplinary purposes: to plot yourself a programme, and it is that much liable to backslide. There could also be an element of reassurance, a hidden belief in the chimerical world of the writer about to build has some kind of reality. Or, modestly, even, "I've been told." I suppose wrote, "such appliances are beneath the notice of men of genius. I have never fancied myself to be a man of genius."

One technical problem touched on by Mr. Wallace, and which is the ground to see developed, is the way novelists confront crucial scenes. He thinks they are often nervous of them and tend to approach them obliquely. Mr. Wallace is not the sort of writer to have much sympathy with the evasion made by indirection. But his concerns such as these that are the novelist's true preoccupation, are more likely to bring his characters to life than jotting down their statistics on a work sheet. In the end it is the imagination, not the documentation or even the psychology, that counts.

As Kassar's eightieth birthday in 1967 was marked by treatment recorded only to celebrities; his life, in the same year, left hardly a ripple on the surface of popular attention. Impeccable proletarian ancestry and conscious adherence to socialist principles seemed to predestine him to a leading position in communist ideology; yet he never made it. What went wrong? Several reasons might be adduced: perhaps the strongest being his stubborn individualism. Paradoxically, he was one of the most popular figures in the literary elite: a stocky little man, walking along the boulevards clad in Russian-style high-necked black coat, sporting a black sombrero, unassuming, of clear and penetrating eyes.

Not unlike the Universal Man of the Renaissance, he was equally at home in painting as in poetic and narrative writing; in addition, his activities embraced editorship, management, journalism and biography—all of which he pursued with that serious regard for

Neither in personal relations nor in questions of intellectual or political principles was he disposed to compromise: he had never hesitated to state the truth as he had seen it — which did not endear him to the establishment. When in 1919 Béla Kun reign'd supreme and demanded unqualified acceptance of, and complete abdication to, purely revolutionary Kassák published his famous "Open Letter to Béla Kun in the Name of Art", with a poem addressed to his magazine *Alfa* ("Today") though at that time he was allowed

Universal Hungarian

LAJOS KASSAK: *Újiek körül az osztott.* 212pp. 22 50Ft. IMRE BORI and EV
KOERNER. *Kassák irodalma és festőszete.* 23-1pp. 50Ft. Budapest: Magvet

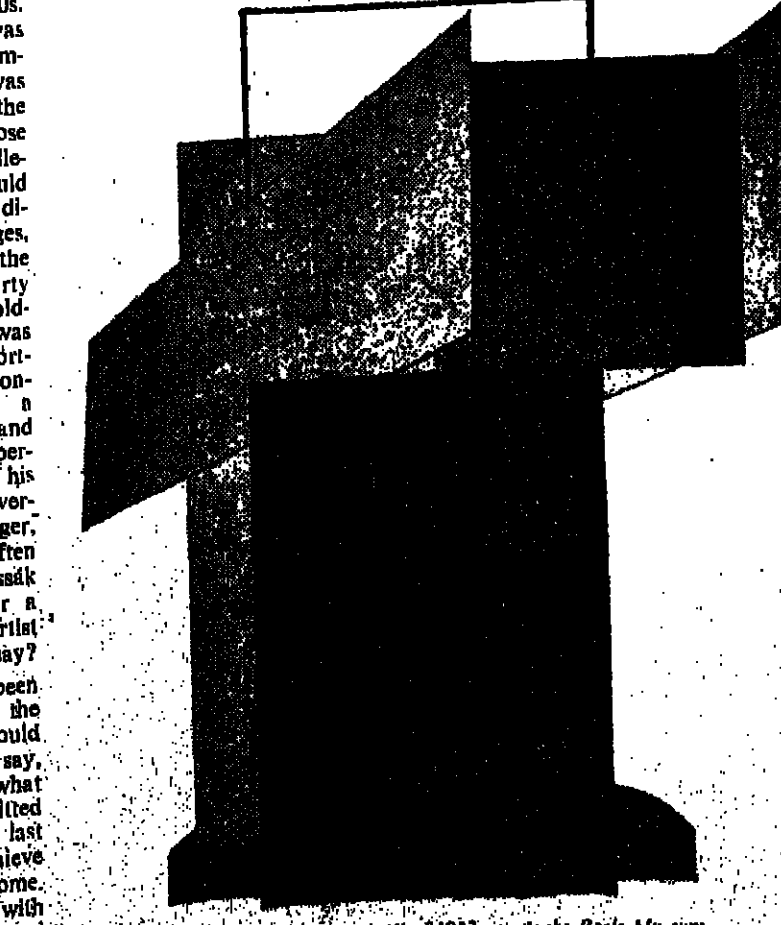
adopted ideas emanating from the Russian supremalists and the German expressionists—and on the other hand also influenced the beginnings of Moholy-Nagy and Vasarely—he might justifiably be said to have contributed to the progressive tendencies of European art.

The essence and motivating spirit of the abolition of all

architektur) might be rendered has a number of personal traits which the strict geometrical shape of his pictorial elements are the most conspicuous. He regarded constructivism as particularly appropriate to functional poster art: I was aware of Schwitters and Baumeister; but the links joining him to Matisse are more vital. The impact

of his art is the *totalité* of the forms and ideology of our gustatory taste. He accepted this philosophy of abstract art, and he endeavored to enrich it with representational and cubist idioms with certain activist elements. Kassák's mature constructivism, which he preferred to call "pictorial architecture"—as the original expression of *képzőművészet* (*Bild-*

A "daemonic architecture" of 1922 now in the Basle Museum.



of 1922 now in the Basel Museum

European trends than to a definition of essentially personal elements in his work. But her comparative survey goes some way towards defining his position in the European landscape. Political considerations are given a notably large share in her discussion, even though this should be no surprise in view of the essentially revolutionary nature and the considerable political overtones of Kasávk's art, particularly of his earlier period. Miss Körner also tries to account for the unproductive intervals, and less successfully to explain Kasávk's post-1945 "painterly synthesis": his suddenly reviving interest in pictorial expression during the last years of his life. It is interesting to note, too, that unlike his poetry, his painting has left no trace on the work of the young generation. Kasávk might have regretted this: hence his preference for having his work exhibited abroad, away from the polite indifference of his own country. On its part the international - art world has indeed begun to pay attention to his work, showing it in Paris, Düsseldorf and Nuremberg, though not yet in this country. A useful booklet of reproductions, *Kasávk*, is available from Editions Pandora (Paris). Lasto, Basle, with texts largely in German. Miss Körner likewise has provided a wealth of material - including colour plates, several photographs, and a number of facsimiles to illustrate not merely this section but also that devoted to discussing Kasávk as a writer.

The crucial fact, which largely determined his intellectual position and his stature in Hungarian literature, is his working-class background. Having become attached to the workers' socialist movement as a necessary adjunct to his days at the workbench, he remained largely free of the traditions that governed the literary attitudes of the time. Yet, he used to read Petőfi as a boy, and in his narrative writings legendary and fabliau elements are intricately compounded with a feeling of mysticism and elusive tinge of religion. All this changed when he started editing his periodicals and in consequence keeping an eye on the new ideas awakening in Europe. His verse had suddenly become enriched by several avant-garde influences, ranging from the free verse of Walt Whitman to the Expressionism of J. von Goell and the Futurism of Marinetti. Free verse has in fact remained the characteristic Kasáskan approach to verse composition which, though his work, has affected many of the younger poets, not all of whom subscribe radical views. The Futurism inspired him to use machine imagery and to substitute onomatopoeic exclamations for articulate words' heighten the explosiveness of his utterance. And there were surely personal attributes: his typographical knowledge was certainly behind his *keplety* ("pictorial verse") pieces. By analogy with *képekéltetés*, this was a kind of verified collage utilizing an arbitrary arrangement of typefaces to give extra force to his verbal imagery. Again, a prophetic element, cautiously foreshadowing E. Cummings.

In his new poetry, he appeared with a remarkably forceful revolutionary voice, much more avant-garde than his celebrated contemporary, André Ardy. The evidence for this is not merely the unconventional application of words and the strange imagery which ostensibly Dadaist association of unrelated elements shocked even those who could accept the neologisms of the *Nynged*-group, but the poet's subject-matter itself, which, beyond the hollow romantic conceits and the strongly egotistic pourings of the "Westerners," concerned itself with the employed, the life of fellow-workers, the suburban industrial proletariat and their world—where the horizon was confined by lack of resources and luck of hope.

Since a great deal of his poetic writing—but also of

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John C. Ide

poems, with the exception of his later work - is devoted to polemics, an important, perhaps even the most important, side of his activities was his editorship of avant-garde magazines of radical socialist political affiliations. *Tell* ("Dead" or "Action") was the earliest: it was soon stopped by the censor, but continued under the title *Ma*. Their role could indeed be profitably compared with the much better known *Nyctem* and its circle, and deserves detailed examination.

The seven years spent in Vienna could be said to have been the most fruitful of his entire career. In fact, this was the period of some of his most characteristic poetry, with the memorable *A la megal* a midweek *Khepibek* as its representative set. He had also begun work on his autobiography which, in eight parts and under the title *Ev enchele*, was not published until after his return home from exile. It is by far the most notable among his writings, perhaps the masterpiece of his entire career. His bold plan, masterly grasp of material, and in particular the searching honesty with which he describes the development of his social awareness make this an outstanding achievement.

Returned from exile, Kassák's writing took precedence over all his other activities. Though, surprisingly enough, he was allowed to publish the magazine *Dokumentum* as a "review of arts and society" for two years, to be followed by *Munka* ("Labour" or "Work"), this time a "socialist review of arts and society", for another eleven years his work remained without the affirmative or polemical tone that was the life-blood of his intellectual activities. Conversely his poetry, to which he had now given much more attention than to his prose, had become more intimate, more lyrical in language and scope, and much more tender in its emotional responses. As he gradually grew alienated from all shades of the left, without ever having

Tajos Kassák: Left, a collage of 1922. Right, design for a poster, 1925. (Illustrations to this article are from Kassák, published by Editions Pandora, Carl Lazlo, Budapest.)

veered towards the right (contrary to accusations of his having sold out to the ruling class), his increasing isolation was aggravated by quarrelsome and futile controversies that were largely unforgotten in the days of postwar reconstruction. He published several volumes, a few of which could be regarded as



pure fiction: some, like *Napok a mi napunk* or *Munkakélték* were pieces of fiction, others essentially autobiographical - like *Egy ember és a világ*. His increasing remoteness from the questions of the day was reflected by the increasingly intimate images and subjects of his poetry: his choice of words with a

clear preference for homely and endearing expressions of sentimentality. His mutual affection became the most accomplished achievement of his entire oeuvre. *Földem, csigám*, the last of twenty years, exemplifies this: as also does the mature lyricism predominating in *Álmok és álmok*. His last collection, *Újlik körül az asztal*, which he was preparing for the press but did not live to see published, is throughout in this vein. The explosive voice had given place to inwardness, but there was a new virtuosity in rendering images which would linger in the memory. Quietly essential and often epigrammatic, these pieces disclose the resignation of old age and remembered small pleasures, occasionally permeated with the bitterness felt at the ravages of passing time.

In Mr. Bori's treatment of his subject, Kassák emerges as a political controversialist of exceptional literary gifts. Hence the excessive space he devotes to discussing the magazines in the light of their political and social background; in the ideological squabbles which, in retrospect, have now acquired a curious air of futility; and to the more serious clashes with authority. His part of the book is understandably longer than Miss Körner's portion, for it has more delicate subject-matter, including "sedition" ideas, which have to be considered with circumspection. The criticism is such as to be confined to pointing parallels and influences in the work of contemporaries. Nevertheless, these furnish a good idea of the essential novelty, attraction, and force of Kassák's poetry.

nothing in this part to prompt a false list and an over-enthusiastic conclusion. That there is a consolation in this, I am sure, but it is not the kind of consolation that one can take home in the United States. He has been translated into English, and he was recently translated into French. But his name is still not known in the United States. And his name is still not known in the United States. And his name is still not known in the United States.

JOSEPH KRUMHOLTZ, 3 Palace Gardens Terrace, London, W.8

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History of Parliament

Sir, - What a curious explanation I am asked whether anything could be done to hasten the publication of the History of Parliament volumes for 1715-1754 and its editorial board (in their secretary's letter, December 11) "categorically reject" my suggestion. Perhaps H.M. Stationery Office can offer a more reasonable explanation.

ROBERT HALSBAND, 860 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Thomas Hope

Sir, - Your front-page article of December 4 quotes Sir Nikolaus Pevsner as having said that there has been no book on Thomas Hope. Dr. Sander Baumgarten's *Le Crapule neoclassique: Thomas Hope* was published by Didier of Paris in 1958 and is equipped with an excellent bibliography.

BERNARD P. F. ADAMS, 24 South Park Court, Park Road, Beckenham, Kent.

"Our reviewer writes: 'I was quoting Sir Nikolaus Pevsner from the blurb, where he makes his remarks on the context of remarks on Dr. Watkins's book, which presumably he had seen at proof stage. Certainly it must be since 1958. I'm sorry that, in quoting it, I failed to notice in Dr. Watkins's bibliography the reference to Dr. Baumgarten's book, which I haven't read.' Perhaps Sir Nikolaus meant 'English book', though the art of the quotation doesn't bear this interpretation out."

Voltaire or Bust...

Sir, In the *TLA* for November 6 is advertised a fine authentic reproduction of a superbly hand finished in low-baked plaster stone with genuine gold coating, of a bust of Voltaire. Very nice! Except that it is not Voltaire.

THEODOR B. STERNMAN, 68 Pall Mall, London, SW.1.

To the Editor

'Bernard Shaw: A Reassessment'

Sir, - The review of my *Bernard Shaw: A Reassessment* (November 27) seems to reinforce a point I made in an earlier letter in your columns relating to my *Philosophy of the Stone*: that people seriously interested in writing and publishing should try to formulate some kind of set of critical rules and ethics. I am not particularly disturbed by the fact that it is a brief and dismissive review; any writer who has had as much of these as I have finally begins to rather enjoy them, placing bets with himself on how much further they can go in brightness and dismissiveness. But there is evidence that your reviewer has not devoted more than five minutes to the book. He states that it has no index or bibliography; and it is true that the publishers forgot to include the bibliography I sent them, of which I have the carbon. But there is certainly an index, and he had only to open the book before he wrote his review to notice it.

He points out that the book is not based on "new material", by which I suppose he means that I have not dug up interesting scandals about Shaw, but since the book plainly announces itself as a critical reassessment, this is surely not necessary. What the book does is to try to trace Shaw's creative development with a clear and wide index, and analyse its ultimate failure, and in doing this, I have, in fact, utilized recent biographical material by O'Donovan and Percy Smith to argue my case.

I am inclined to wonder if it is not a mistake to give a critic four large books to read for the same review; he is bound to be tempted to skip and take short cuts. This seems proved by the extremely brief space he gives to the two books on Shaw, a mere paragraph each in a long article. From his warm review of Lynn Dickinson's excellent book on Wells, I would be inclined to suspect that he agrees with Mr. Dickinson's view that Shaw was "green with envy" because he lacked imagination. His review implies that Shaw does not deserve to be taken as seriously as I take him. The witty and unpredictable genius should not be dealt with as a "medium of creative evolution". But that is the way I happen to see Shaw, and it is surely the critic's job to review the book in

have written rather than the book he thinks I ought to have written. In implying that I have filled the book with "Wilson Ur-philosophy" I am quite simply misrepresenting: I carefully reserve my own philosophical views for the appendix. Is it ethical for a critic to advise readers to "skip the whole book" when this is what he seems to have done himself?

COLIN WILSON, Tetherdown, Gorrán Haven, Cornwall.

Sir, - It is a commonplace that many reviewers if they are to meet their deadlines, must either develop a system for reading books with staggering speed and decision, or they must read them selectively (skipping) and make assessments based partly in their own opinion and partly in their own prior knowledge of the book's subject. That is one thing, and since the reviewer's livelihood might depend on either system it is acceptable, especially for a critic to advise readers to "skip the whole book" when this is what he seems to have done himself?

He points out that the book is not based on "new material", by which I suppose he means that I have not dug up interesting scandals about Shaw, but since the book plainly announces itself as a critical reassessment, this is surely not necessary. What the book does is to try to trace Shaw's creative development with a clear and wide index, and analyse its ultimate failure, and in doing this, I have, in fact, utilized recent biographical material by O'Donovan and Percy Smith to argue my case.

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my grandfather, the actor Doré Lewin-Manning.

Briefly then, I believe your reviewer's remarks about Mr. Wilson's book are hasty and wrongheaded. Indeed, I would say of the whole review that it was "bad and pretentious". Mr. Wilson has given us an unprecedentedly acute study of Shaw not only as a serious philosopher ("Shaw was probably the most important European writer since Dante"), but also in terms of the Shavian "persona" which did so much to detract from the overall seriousness of some of his work.

Your reviewer's obvious preference for such comparatively weak and negative writers as T. S. Eliot and Henry James, and his attempt to compare as similar types the three Irishmen Joyce, Yeats, and Shaw, singles him out as not only unaware of the nature of Shaw's quintessential achievement, but as unperceptive to an extraordinary degree.

In complaining that Mr. Wilson turns Shaw into a "lumpish messiah of Creative Evolution", apart from the fatuousness of the adjective "lumpish", your reviewer is evading a truth about Shaw which has been consistently evaded by intellectual conservatives for fifty years; namely, that Shaw's real contribution to modern literature was that he injected into it a seriousness and vitality as opposed to the morbid solemnity of the so-called "serious" twentieth-century writers that it had not previously possessed, and has not possessed since.

Anyone who can write, "There is no useful distinction to be made between Shaw's prefaces and his plays", is unlikely to grasp Shaw's importance as both a dramatist and an essayist, and probably has not read either the prefaces or the plays anyway. I would describe the whole review, including the things said about H. G. Wells, as a confused, vague, unperceptive, and pedantic. Whereas Mr. Wilson's book is the exact opposite of these things: it is serious and precise, deeply perceptive and pleasantly conversational.

Finally, there is no reason that I know of why the author of some twenty-three books (of admittedly varying quality and importance) should not in a postscript (and not in the final chapter, as your reviewer 'saves' it) set out his philosophical position in relation to the subject of his book. To complain that this is not only rude, it is an exhibition of malice and ignorance. To an editor who has seen Shaw, for his benefit, and lectured on Shaw for many years, and apparently antagonized Shaw's admirers, it is hardly surprising that Shaw once sent a signed edition of his collected works to my mother as a means of providing indirect financial help for

with my review, but I am a bit surprised that in his protest he should fall back on that customary explanation, that the hostile reviewer must not have read the book. I can assure him that I did not read every word of it; if I had not I could not have responded so strongly to it.

Mr. Wilson is correct on one point, and one only: the proof copy that I worked with did not include an index, and though I compared the proof with the published volume, I somehow overlooked the index. I regret my negligence (though it seems trivial compared to the negligence of the publisher who forgot to include the bibliography). But in any case, my criticism remains the same: that the book is carelessly done.

As for the point about the "new material", what I said was this: "His sources appear to be standard published sources, and though this is a perfectly reasonable way of going about a reassessment of a major writer, it puts a burden on the author, since whatever is new in his book must come out of his own head. And in these terms Mr. Wilson performs badly."

I have nothing to add to that, and certainly nothing to retract. Finally, on the presence or absence of Mr. Wilson's philosophical views, I quote from his own text, page 11 of his introductory chapter: "My personal attitude to Shaw is explained in the postscript to this book, and it is, of course, implicit in the whole book. Mr. Wilson contradicts this sentence in his letter, but I prefer the testimony of the book."

As for Mr. Hibbs, I am glad to learn of his majesty's signed edition of Shaw, but I cannot discover the relevance of this fact to my views of Mr. Wilson's book.

Whatever Happened to Orion John?

Sir, - It's surprisingly apt of you to ask me to review *Whatever Happened to Orion John?* (December 4) when the author happens to be in London for the first time in 10 years and can answer you directly.

And briefly, the book is just what I needed. It is a masterpiece. By all means, let me say a few words about it. It is a masterpiece. By all means, let me say a few words about it. It is a masterpiece. By all means, let me say a few words about it.

L.F. RIVET (Editor): *The Roman Villa in Britain*. 298pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3 15s.

Every educated person in England has heard of Roman villas; and for non-specialists it is probably the country houses with mosaic floors that spring first to mind when Roman Britain is mentioned.

Mr. Rivet's book is a series of papers read some years ago at a summer school on archaeology devoted to the subject. In his own words, Mr. Rivet defines the Latin term *villa* as "a farm which is integrated into the social and economic organisation of the Roman world". The opening chapter, by R.C. Bowen, presents a detailed and vivid picture of the rural economy of the Roman-conquest Celtic Britain.

And of the improvements to agriculture and in pastoral farming that the Romans introduced. But it was not the practical changes that Romanized the Celtic farms. It was the replacement under the Romans of their essentially diffuse economy by a centralized system bound up with the towns and with the highways connecting them - the two basic Roman innovations - that brought the Roman villa into this country.

A distribution map of villas makes their dependence on towns and roads clear at a glance. It was, in fact, the development in Britain during the late first and second centuries of towns - inhabited mainly by British, not Roman, and partly by traders drawn from many regions of the Empire - that provided the market for the produce of the countryside. As Mr. Rivet says, the villa was the first wave of Romanization.

The villa-owner was a citizen with a house in town who invested his capital in land. His farmhouse with its Roman rectangular plan was basically simple in its layout, but it was not without its luxuries. It had a central hall, and with few, if any, mosaic floors and painted walls. Inevitably amenities of this kind were extended during the second century; and, after a period of apparent recession in the third century, they underwent a phenomenal expansion during the first sixty years of the fourth century, when the villa would seem to have been the residence of our country estate owner, if not all, of the year. The mansions, by the late Sir Ian Richmond (on villa plans), by Dr. D. J. Smith (on mosaic pavements), and by Miss J. Liversidge (on furniture and interior decoration), provide abundant illustration of this development.

This fourth-century "second wave" of Romano-British villas is, perhaps, the most outstanding aspect of the whole story. Now, in the hands of Mr. Rivet, the villa is no longer a relic of barbarian pressure on the province's northern frontier and the province's existing country houses remodelled and enlarged, but new ones were erected on a lavish scale, and all alike were equipped with elaborate, figured, mural paintings and floor mosaics, mainly in brilliant, in content the former often very fragmentary, or known to us from well-preserved, or known to us from drawings or engravings, while the latter, the new, original, while complete.

Four main schools of mosaicists were active in Britain during the fourth century, and are fully distinguished by Dr. Smith. The fourth-century schools and, of other, fourth-century, mosaicists, indeed, reveal that the produce of the countryside was still being marketed in Britain.

The first wave of Romanization in the villa-owner was a citizen with a house in town who invested his capital in land. His farmhouse with its Roman rectangular plan was basically simple in its layout, but it was not without its luxuries. It had a central hall, and with few, if any, mosaic floors and painted walls. Inevitably amenities of this kind were extended during the second century; and, after a period of apparent recession in the third century, they underwent a phenomenal expansion during the first sixty years of the fourth century, when the villa would seem to have been the residence of our country estate owner, if not all, of the year. The mansions, by the late Sir Ian Richmond (on villa plans), by Dr. D. J. Smith (on mosaic pavements), and by Miss J. Liversidge (on furniture and interior decoration), provide abundant illustration of this development.

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TEXTILE HISTORY

Editor: K G Ponting
Vol I No 2
CONTENTS: Mechanical Aids to Linen Bleaching in Scotland, ENID GAULDIE; The Bleaching of Woollen and Worsted Goods 1740-1860, JENNIFER TANN; The International Rayon Industry Between the Wars, J HARROP; Illustrations of the History of Knitting Selected from the Collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum, S M LEVEY; Nos III and IV of the series: Documents and Sources; Courtauld's Observed, R A CHURCH (a review article); 136 pp with 16pp plates, 25pp book reviews. Published annually. Subscription 21s.
Write to DAVID & CHARLES NEWTON ABBOT DEVON



The Celluloid Muse

CHARLES HIGHAM and JOEL GREENBERG

Fifteen Hollywood directors talking about their films and the stars who played in them. "No more revealing or unerring book for movie addicts has come my way." Robert Oltway, *Daily Sketch*.

Bali

RONALD MCKIE
Photographs by BERYL BERNAY

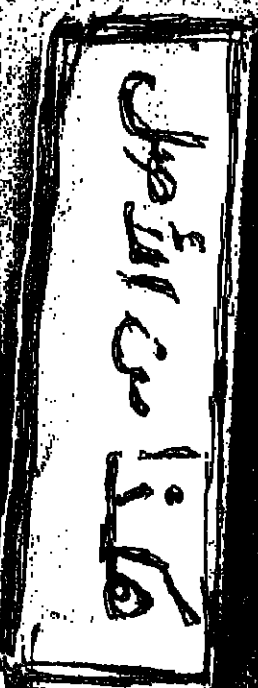
Text and photographs project something more than the usual island. "There are few places to which I would be inoppy to return by the next plane from London, but Bali is one of them." Eric Newby, *The Observer*. 55s.

The Art of Making Sense

LIONEL RUBY

A lively introduction to the principles of logic. 30s.

Angus and Robertson



Analysis for a bizarre world

PAUL ROAZEN: *Freud: Political and Social Thought*, 322pp. Hogarth Press. £2 10s.

"The teachings of psychoanalysis are based on an innumerable number of observations and experiences, and no-one who has not repeated those observations upon himself or upon others is in a position to arrive at an independent judgment of it." So wrote Freud in 1931, giving notice to trespassers, but saying nothing about the limitations upon independent judgment which the process of being analysed and analysing others may entail. The outsiders have not heeded Freud's warning to keep off the grass. They have pored over the canonical volumes of the *Gesammelte Werke* or the translations of these, and in the wary company of recusants, break-aways, and schismatics have contributed at least as much as the faithful to the bold amendment of psychoanalytical theory and practice. No better example of this contribution could be found than Professor Roazen's temperate and scholarly work. Written in straightforward, always intelligible English, it is frankly and respectfully critical; but the same critical spirit informs his appraisal of his own discipline.

Political and Social Thought in academic life has come to mean a grab-bag of moral and legal ideas, in addition to more strictly social and political concepts. It also has a herit-

age, however, of the most respected kind, which has over the centuries tried to relate human need to social life.

The conventional picture of psychoanalysis conveyed by scores of busy expositors badly needs the kind of unblinkered scrutiny to which it is subjected by Dr. Roazen. Almost entirely the creation of one man, psychoanalytic theory and methodology are wide open to the charge of subjectivism. The charge is all the more damaging because of the credulity Freud showed in such matters as the authorship of Shakespeare's plays and his blunder over the significance of a childhood memory of Leonardo da Vinci. With disarming frankness he said:

I am not really a man of science, not an observer, not an experimenter, and not a thinker, I am nothing but by temperament a conquistador... with the curiosity, the boldness, and the tenacity that belongs to that type of being.

and on another occasion he explained that he had to blind himself metaphorically in order to focus all the light on the dark spot in his thought. His gifts could be more closely related to those of the creative artist than to the natural scientist. Professor Roazen goes so far as to urge that in studying Freud's work we must be aware of his tendency to exaggerate historically and should not let it put us off.

Whether these features of psychoanalysis have put off political

scientists and sociologists is still hard to say. Professor Roazen thinks they have, but that the chief deterrent has been the preoccupation of the psychoanalyst with inner realities and his consequent obtuseness to external ones. This question can be restricted to anthropology and asked in the reverse form: why is cultural anthropology so permeated—in the United States at any rate—with psychoanalytical concepts, in spite of the old-fashioned, partly indefensible speculations which Freud put forward in *Totem and Taboo*, and elsewhere. On the principle, presumably, that who drives a fat oxen should himself be fat, Dr. Roazen postulates that "anthropologists during their field work are confronted with a range of apparently bizarre material which has required the use of an apparently bizarre theory, psychoanalysis, to explain it."

More persuasively, he suggests that the social sciences have diverse methods: the political scientist, unlike the anthropologist, deals with people in the aggregate, at a distance of one or more removes from the living material from which his statistics are derived. "The model of Kremlinology has become too central to political science. It seems as if by maintaining aloofness from one's material one hopes in a magical way to control political reality." Hence the political scientist's indifference to the individual, with whom psychoanalysis is preoccupied, Dr. Roazen

has, however, a cynical view of the qualities required for political leadership, especially in America.

politicians are characteristically egoistic and nonintrospective... for them to shift political positions, the move to the Right or the Left, should entail no more inner turmoil than for a lawyer to defend a new client or to invent a new play. Politicians seem exempt from many restraints of conscience that one might want to expect from them.

Freud believed that there was a fundamental conflict between the instinctual needs and drives of each individual and the restrictive pressures applied by society. Hence his insistence on the harm done by religious and sexual taboos. He did not however carry this explanation to the lengths favoured by more extreme psychoanalysts who have minimized or wholly ignored the constructive and moulding influence of culture. As Freud put it, there is a process of cultural evolution to which we owe the best of what we have become, as well as a good part of what we suffer from. Dr. Roazen develops this strand in Freud's approach to such problems as aggression, receding its implication for wars, and justified anarchism. He even succeeds in finding common ground between Edmund Burke's standpoint and Melanie Klein's.

Klein's psychology has thrived in England," he ingeniously adds, "partially for cultural reasons." Freud's theories, and particularly his emphasis on sexual forces, have from time to time been alleged to be culture-bound. It is hardly to be denied that he shared many of the attitudes and convictions of his Viennese liberal and bourgeois phase of the Habsburg monarchy. Similarly he was influenced by Jewish background and by the insufficient biological knowledge—especially in neurophysiology and genetics—available to a Central European polymath in his day. No doubt, when a further stroke paralysed him, he was able to intermit, and sometimes in defiance of his orders, to study documents, make notes, and letters. The ill in determining Freud's view about society, politics, and human nature.

The two most original sections of this thoughtful book deal with material that Dr. Roazen holds to be essentially autobiographical. These are the chapters on the creation of *Moses and Monotheism*, which was his identification with the Woodrow Wilson whom he saw Bullitt travestied in a distorted pathography. Dr. Roazen makes much of such ingenuity, and he is probably justified in saying that both instances Freud was using his historical figure as a projection screen for his self-understanding. In his presentation of this argument Dr. Roazen demonstrates the balance, clarity and stimulating freshness of his approach which make his book valuable.

Wit and its poor relations

G. LEGMAN: *Rationale of the Dirty Joke. An Analysis of Sexual Humor*. First series. 811pp. Cape. £4 4s.

The brilliant sketch by John Cleland in the December, 1966 issue of *Evergreen Review* did little to clear up the mystery surrounding Gershon Legman's early career. The mystery is, if anything, deepened by the fascinating but tantalizing fragments of autobiography scattered throughout *Rationale of the Dirty Joke*. Mr. Legman's first work, *Orageniticism* (1940), "the first monograph on the subject in any language" and an astonishing effort for a man of twenty-two or twenty-three, was published in an edition of 1,000 copies, distributed by subscription to members of the medical profession—as by "Roger-Max de La Glanville." In the *Rationale*, the author explains this pseudonym as "anagram: G. Legman", which it clearly is not. Nor is it an anagram of Gershon Legman; but of George Alexander Legman, under which name the author was thirty years ago vainly soliciting information from readers of *Notes and Queries* about the life of a still more mysterious figure: John Stephen Farmer, joint compiler with the poet William Ernest Henley of *Slang and its Analogues* (1890-1904). When, and why, did George Alexander become Gershon? Perhaps we shall be told in his promised autobiography, *Wives and Concubines*.

Whatever his parents may have called him, G. Legman began listening to bawdy jokes in Scranton, Pennsylvania, at the age of eight, and within ten years was collecting them seriously and occupying himself with variants, analogues, and prototypes in learned languages. The *Rationale* contains the first fruits of a third of a century's fieldwork and reading by Mr. Legman himself, supplemented by the contributions of "many friends and more than a few enemies." These are what he calls the "clean" dirty jokes, and include jokes on zoophilia; the "dirty" ones, including jokes on homosexuality, are to follow.

The jokes are printed in italics, a device which will be found helpful by those readers, doubtless the majority, who buy or borrow the book for laughs and skip what Mr. Legman calls, with unwelcome modesty, "the laborious discussion." Such readers will be making a mistake, for it is the surfeit of jokes, which eventually grows laborious and unfunny, while the exegesis, from "Penis Envy" to "Artificial Incrimination" by way of "Jealousy of Male Urination" and "The Male Motherhood of Authorship," is so solemn—and in places so angry—as to provoke both hilarity and suspicion of self-parody. Mr. Legman has done the seemingly impossible: he has emancipated the dirty joke.

To say this is not to deny the considerable scientific value of this collection, as a contribution both to erotic folklore and to our understanding of the history and anxiety-assuaging and other functions of such jokes. In the so-called "permissive" society, however, no func-

tion stressed by Mr. Legman, the expression of male hostility to women, may be giving place to new ones. The *Guardian* recently carried an account of a twenty-four-year-old lady, "fairly debby, very feminine, and extremely bawdy", whose repository of dirty jokes and bar-room larks "would blench an old salt".

Though there are strange gaps in his knowledge—he seems to believe, for instance, that lesbianism was and remains unlawful in Britain—Mr. Legman is preternaturally erudite. He traces the history of one joke so far back that one wonders whether it is not in fact as old as marriage and prostitution. This is the one about the man advised to pick a wife who is "an economist in the kitchen, a lady in the parlour, and a prostitute in bed"; she turns out to be "a prostitute in the parlour, a lady in the kitchen, and an economist in bed". There is a strikingly similar proverb

in the *Mammuriti*, a Sanskrit law-book some 1,700 years old. Such details show that the oral transmission of erotic folklore is no less persistent, and faithful, than that of children's folklore.

The value of this collection is, however, vitiated by three main defects. In the first place, the material is organized schematically, so that jokes only superficially about the same subject are both classified and discussed together, regardless of their deeper but non-thematic relationships. This would be unexceptionable if it were merely a matter of a motif index; in a book presumably meant for continuous reading it makes for much repetition.

Secondly, Mr. Legman's exemplar is Freud, on whose *Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious* (1905) the *Rationale* is, according to the blurb, "consciously patterned". But he seems unaware of recent developments in psychoanalytic theory, and

Psychodynamics

G. SEABORN JONES: *Treatment or Torture: The Philosophy, Techniques and Future of Psychodynamics*. 324pp. Tavistock Publications. £2 15s.

On the wrapper of *Treatment or Torture* the author's favourite occupations are given as listening to Bach and arguing. While no links with Bach can be seen, the love of arguing is clearly revealed in this stimulating, irritating and entertaining book. His attacks (or arguments) range from a refutation of Kantian epistemology to one of Behaviourism. He tries to show that psychoanalysis is "scientific", but the marriage between psychoanalysis and philosophy remains an uneasy one.

Following the Oxford philosophers, he is much concerned with language, but those belonging to different schools may find it difficult to accept the shrinking to molecules of metaphysical mountains by modern philosophical and psychological criticism without swinging to disillusioned condemnation of modern philosophy as nothing but "verbal quibbling and haggling."

Some of the metaphysical mountains have obstinately resisted shrink-

ing. When disagreeing with Bertrand Russell on the existence of facts independent of our existence, the author points out that facts can only be described in our terms. However, this is no proof against the existence of independent facts but only of our inability to recognize and classify them. His dealing with the "illusion of free will" shows a comparable degree of sophistry. By showing the factors which influence a person who makes a decision or acts deliberately, he believes he has shown that the individual was constrained to act in the way he did and had no free will. One of the interesting discussions is that of Popper's theory of falsifiability, which has led Popper to deny the scientific status of psychoanalysis. Mr. Seaborn Jones says rightly that a discipline cannot be refuted but only specific statements or hypotheses. He then, wrongly, turns Popper's argument round and says that if falsifiability were a true test of science then all disciplines, whose statements can be disproved—e.g. astrology—would be scientific.

His discussion of fallacies in philosophy and non-philosophical thought is stimulating, but only a few examples will be given: by "fluctuating rigour" he means that for an unbecome theory the standard of

this gives many of his pages curiously old-fashioned ring.

The third defect is perhaps the most serious. In his pamphlet *The Fake Revolt* (1967), Mr. Legman declared "war on homosexuality, hippy movement, group sexual activity, and drug-taking (in spite of the approving references, not merely to cannabis, but to heroin and cocaine in *Orageniticism*). This was good hard-hitting, polemical stuff, and he might very well have left the matter there. It is disturbing to find him returning to the same theme in *Rationale of the Dirty Joke*, not only in the Grand Duchess Anna, the youngest daughter of Tsar Paul I of Russia, married to William of Orange and left Peterburg to live in The Hague, was given a warm welcome by the Dutch, and by her husband's relations, but the break with family and her native land was made, and Anna Pavlovna, in a regular correspondence first with her mother and then with her sister, two of whom were Tsars of Russia. These letters and the evidence is raised, but lowered for a welcome point of view. "Fluctuating scepticism" is a playing with ideas, doubling theories without decisively rejecting them. The "straw man" fallacy" discredits a point of view by reducing to absurdity a misrepresentation of this point of view. The straw man seems to be a close relative of Aunt Sally.

Mr. Seaborn Jones describes how the study of different subjects and universities and other research institutions depends on what is popular at the Institute or useful to the future career of the scholar. He supports his views by the case histories of some analysed patients and ends his book with some remarks on how to do it. The December rising of dogmatic statements should be studied of psychology should be carried out and how suitable could be selected.

The title of the book is puzzling. *Torture* is only mentioned in passing, and is meant to include procedures like electro-shock treatment, insulin shock treatment, and the like. Why then does the author insist on the word "torture"? It is not surprising that when Anna Pavlovna's father became king in 1840, Nicholas I, she was his sister. "I cannot believe for you both at your

The death of Vladimir Ilyich

LEVIN: *Lenin's Last Struggle*, by Vladimir I. Lenin. Edited by A. M. Shostakov. London: Faber and Faber. 36s.

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December 16, 1922, the most important day in the life of Vladimir I. Lenin, died. He was 53 years old. He had been ill for some time, and his death was a great loss to the Soviet Union. His last struggle was a testament to his unwavering commitment to the cause of the working class.

has now been done in an English translation by Mr. Levin in his *Last Struggle* (originally published in French as *Le Dernier Lutte*), and, by a fortunate coincidence, the English translation of Lenin's *Collected Works*, from the fourth Russian edition, has just been supplemented by

another volume containing material which first appeared in the fifth edition of an periodicals after 1956, and which virtually all the documents used by Mr. Lenin, with the exception of the diary of Lenin's secretary, are now readily accessible in English. Medical reports, and Lenin's decisions, relating to Lenin's illness, must exist somewhere unpublished, but, unless Krupskaya has left private papers which is perhaps unlikely, there is probably not much more to be known about the personal or political happenings of these troubled weeks.

Lenin's interest still exercised itself, but for physical reasons, intermittently, was concentrated during this time on three main topics. He was preoccupied with the constitutional forms of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, then in process of creation, and especially in relation with the Georgian republic and its leaders; on this issue he accused Dzerzhinsky, Ordzhonikidze and Stalin of exhibiting "Great Russian chauvinism", and sought to enlist Trotsky as his ally, as he had already done on the issue of the monopoly of foreign trade. He interested himself in the future of the cooperatives, which he came to regard as the most promising bridge for the difficult transition to socialism and collectivism. Above all, he was profoundly concerned with the future leadership of the party, which became more and more involved both with the general question of bureaucracy, and with his own deteriorating relations with Stalin.

The story of these can now be clearly traced. In the testament which Lenin dictated on December 24, 1922, the shortcomings of Stalin are carefully balanced against those of Trotsky, and a main danger seen

in a split between them. In the postscript dictated on January 4, 1923, Lenin calls Stalin "too rude" and proposes his removal from the post of secretary-general of the party. What produced this startling change appears to have been preoccupation with the Georgian question, on which Lenin had dictated extensive notes (or letters) on December 30-31, 1922.

Meanwhile, however, something else had happened. On the very day of the testament, December 23, Krupskaya wrote to Kamenev complaining that on the previous day Stalin had spoken to her on the telephone in terms of "the coarsest abuse", and asking for protection against this "gross interference" in her private life. It is clear that she did not immediately tell Lenin of this episode, no doubt from fear of distressing him in his precarious state of health. We know that he had become aware of it by March 6, 1923, the last day on which he was able to work at all—when he wrote an angry letter to Stalin offering him the alternative of an immediate apology or a total rupture of relations. Had Lenin learnt of Stalin's behaviour before he wrote the postscript of January 4, but decided to postpone any personal protest to Stalin for another two months? Or did he first learn of it on March 6? On this point, the evidence falls us.

It is, however, unlikely that Mr. Lenin, for all his meticulous care to establish the facts, would have embarked on his task if he had not been conscious of the political implications of his theme, and desirous of bringing them out. "If Lenin had lived..." is the title of his last chapter, and he boldly defends and justifies his approach.

The question may arise as to whether a

historian may legitimately concern himself with such hypotheses. I believe that he may, on condition that he does not exceed certain limits. If he does exceed these limits, then of course his work becomes gratuitous speculation.

Mr. Lenin believes that Lenin, had he lived, might have been strong enough to realize the programme of action sketched out in his last writings, while continuing to resist what Stalin stood for and what was perpetrated in the Stalinist period of Russian history.

It is legitimate to believe that Lenin, acting in concert with Trotsky and others, would have been able to bring Soviet Russia through a less tragic, more rational and, for the cause of socialism, less compromising path.

Mr. Lenin is too much of a realist to nourish utopian views of the potentialities of Soviet democracy. Like Lenin himself, he is conscious of the primitive level of the economy and the lack of "culture" in the masses of the population, and of the uphill nature of the task of building a decent administration—not to mention the attainment of socialism—out of this material. Nevertheless, he holds that there was "nothing essentially Utopian about Lenin's aim of achieving a rational dictatorial regime, with men of integrity at its head". The main discrepancy between Lenin's aims and Stalin's interpretation of them lay, Mr. Lenin remarks, "in the field of methods".

In many senses, this is unquestionably true. Lenin's immense moral authority enabled him to achieve by rational persuasion and consent much that Stalin, who enjoyed no moral authority at all, could do only by the crudest forms of propaganda and compulsion. It is also true that the potentialities of Stalinism were rooted in a society and a tradition

which carried too many marks of primitive barbarism not yet outlived. Stalin's personality embodied the most barbarous traits of this tradition, which he could not perhaps have overcome, and did not seek to overcome. As so often in history, the individual qualities of leaders and the historical environment in which they work seem to condition and reflect one another. But the manifestations of this process are too varied and too unstrait-jacketed of historical inevitability. Mr. Lenin's study is a welcome reaction against the view that Stalin was the predestined heir of Lenin, and that the descent into Stalinism was inherent in the revolution itself.

Leniniana

V. I. LENIN: *Collected Works*. Volume 41. Translated by Yuri Sdobnikov. 807pp. Lawrence and Wishart. 18s.

This somewhat less interesting earlier volume, coming immediately before the one reviewed in the article above, is the first of the five supplementary volumes to be translated from the fifth Russian edition. It is occupied by writings before the October Revolution—articles, drafts, unpublished memoranda or notes of works read, together with some of Lenin's minor interventions at party congresses and conferences. It will be valuable principally to specialists in Lenin's life and thought or in early party history.

An unhappy family

JACKMAN (Editor): *Romanov*. 376pp. Macmillan. £3 3s.

Jackman has performed a service by giving us an unimpaired and previously unpublished family correspondence. In the Grand Duchess Anna, the youngest daughter of Tsar Paul I of Russia, married to William of Orange and left Peterburg to live in The Hague, was given a warm welcome by the Dutch, and by her husband's relations, but the break with family and her native land was made, and Anna Pavlovna, in a regular correspondence first with her mother and then with her sister, two of whom were Tsars of Russia. These letters and the evidence is raised, but lowered for a welcome point of view. "Fluctuating scepticism" is a playing with ideas, doubling theories without decisively rejecting them. The "straw man" fallacy" discredits a point of view by reducing to absurdity a misrepresentation of this point of view. The straw man seems to be a close relative of Aunt Sally.

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The faithful bulldog

MICHAEL JENKINS: *Arakcheev*. 312pp. Faber and Faber. £2 10s.

The last years of the reign of Tsar Alexander I have gone down in history under the awe-inspiring label of *Arakcheevщина* (the reign of Arakcheev), and few figures in nineteenth-century Russian history have been so universally hated by contemporaries or have aroused so little enthusiasm among historians as the favourite of the "enigmatic Tsar". Commonly held by contemporary observers to have been all-powerful in the decade or so following the Napoleonic invasion of Russia, Arakcheev became the symbol of reaction and oppression, of autocracy at its worst, and Alexander's affection for and trust in this ill-educated, vindictive and personally cruel man baffled contemporaries as much as it has puzzled historians.

Yet Arakcheev was an industrious man with a keen practical mind, an able administrator whose reform of the Russian artillery before 1812 is generally held to have been highly successful, and above all a fiercely loyal man who convinced the emperor of his unwavering devotion. Indeed, his canine loyalty to Alexander I is the feature which stands out in the correspondence of the two men, and it was with good reason that "Alek" called him: "a bulldog", always ready to administer a "fat bite" to the emperor's enemies. It is true that the bulldog could also bark and snap in order to keep at a distance or bring down his "pup" and there were moments, such as that following the murder of his mistress, Nastasia Minkina by the mad Countess Orlova, when he was seen as a serious social expert, but also suggests a number of reasons why they fell so short of the utopia planned by Alexander and Arakcheev.

It is a pity that Mr. Jenkins does not advance the plan for the abolition of serfdom, which Arakcheev produced in 1818, at the emperor's

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fabricated, were told and continued to circulate long after his death.

It is strange that a man whose character appeared so fascinating and yet repulsive to contemporaries should have had to wait so long to be biographed. No Russian historian has produced a full-scale biography, though many have attempted character sketches and several have collected useful information on different periods of his life. Michael Jenkins has courageously attempted to fill the gap. His book, he tells us, "was written in such calmer intervals as came my way during an eighteen-month tour of duty at the British Embassy in Moscow". It is based entirely on printed sources, since he was not allowed to consult the Arakcheev papers that have been preserved in Soviet archives, but he has read widely and tells his story with gusto, while treating some of the unverifiable stories about Arakcheev's brutality with becoming scepticism.

The result is not an essay in rehabilitation, but a portrait which goes some way to destroying the popular image of an omnipotent ideological reactionary and arch-oppressor. Arakcheev's influence was not as comprehensive as is often alleged, and in tracing the main stages of his career and his relationship with Alexander Mr. Jenkins brings out the restricted sphere within which he operated, although he might have investigated his rivalry with Golitsyn a little more fully. His treatment of the origins and development of the widely hated military colonies is judicious, well-informed, and Arakcheev's role in their establishment and administration is made quite clear. Mr. Jenkins stresses that the colonies were seen as a serious social experiment, but also suggests a number of reasons why they fell so short of the utopia planned by Alexander and Arakcheev.

request, or the earlier memorandum on the Committee of Ministers which was one of the first documents to be examined by the Committee of December 6, 1826. In one important respect, too, he probably underestimates Arakcheev's services to the extent to which he equipped the Russian army with guns. It is clear from recent Soviet research, especially the investigations of V. N. Speransky, that Arakcheev began from virtually nothing, and it is also apparent that his successor, Barclay de Tolly, unfairly dismissed by Mr. Jenkins as "not an effective minister", was no less successful in tackling the supply question at a time of rapid expansion of the army.

When he ventures beyond the confines of Arakcheev's career Mr. Jenkins's grasp of his material is less firm. It is not true that Kutuzov was resolutely opposed to further advance once Napoleon had been expelled from Russia or that the Holy Alliance was a sudden idea, a product of Alexander's mysticism, in 1815. Mr. Jenkins also compares the monk Photius with Rasputin as "one of those theatrical and hypocritical characters whom the Orthodox Church occasionally throws up". The Orthodox Church must take some responsibility for Photius, but Rasputin was not a monk. These, however, are minor blemishes on what is an important and valuable addition to the literature on early nineteenth-century Russia.

The Pergamon Press "Oxford Russian Series" has published a critical edition of *Zavri*, the first major work by the great Soviet satirist Yury Olezha, which originally appeared in Moscow in 1927. It is edited with an introduction and notes by Marlon Jordan (106pp. 30s. Paperback, 20s.). The novel deals comically with the penetration of profiteering businessmen into Soviet life under the New Economic Policy, and generally with the problems of individual adaptation to the revolution.

Books received

Art

CHIFFORD, DEREK. *The Paintings of P. A. de Laszlo*. 128pp. Literary Services and Production. £5 5s.

Mr. Chifford has written an essay in defence of the commercially and socially successful portrait painter, accompanied by some good reproductions, in colour or half-tone, of his work. The illustrations show a competent artist in the realist Munkácsy tradition regressing via imitations of Bastien-Lepage and the Munich genre painters—Laszlo won a scholarship to the Bavarian Academy in 1889—to the flattering portraiture that made his name, redeemed now and again by small oil landscapes indicative of a genuine, if overwhelmingly compromised, talent. The text is interesting for its adaptation of the doctrine of social-psychological predestination, more often used of criminals, to beg indulgence for artistic compromise and social climbing. Laszlo, we read, "needed to be on personal familiar terms with kings and emperors, popes and presidents," he "needed worldly success," hence the "social pressures" which prevented him from making better use of his gifts. He apparently spoke himself of having to yield to his "need of money and my ardent desire to help my people," but what this latter amounted to is not made clear.

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Astronomy

BOOKER, P. J., FRISWELL, G. C. and PARDON, G. K. C. *Project Apollo: The Way to the Moon*. 212pp. Chatto and Windus. 36s.

Here at last is a book about the Apollo mission to the Moon written with real authority and considerable detail. The three authors are engineers of wide experience and knowledge of their subject and their book gives a systematic account of this remarkably complex project with no sensational reporting, no politics, and no mathematics. The first few pages cover the early development of the plan, the exploration of the Moon by Ranger, Surveyor and Orbiter satellites, and the value of the Mercury and Gemini missions. The reasons for adopting the Apollo method are discussed, and each section of the whole vast enterprise is then described in detail: the command, service and lunar modules, the launch vehicles, the launching sites, the giant vehicle assembly building and the extensive communication network. An account is given of all the Apollo missions, and the way in which various problems and setbacks have been overcome. The disasters have not been overlooked, but are treated without sentiment. Each chapter is illustrated by admirable line drawings, and there are some good photographs. This is a carefully prepared, well produced technical account of a remarkable achievement, and it can be most warmly recommended.

History

BECKETT, J. C. (Editor). *Historical Studies VII*. 124pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.

A fresh consideration of Pope Pius XII's policy towards Nazi Germany is undertaken by V. Conzemius in one of these papers read at the 1967 conference of Irish historians in Belfast. While admitting that no final judgment is yet possible, he makes a qualified defence of the Pope in answer to the criticisms which began with Rolf Hochhuth's *The Representative*. Pius XII is here acquitted of cowardice and his motives in refraining from outright condemnation of Nazism are seen as the preservation of the Church and the hope, by maintaining relations with Hitler's government, of mitigating the sufferings of Catholics.

DONALDSON, GORDON (Editor). *The Memoirs of Sir James Melville of Halhill*. 184pp. The Folio Society. 39s. 6d.

Melville was a courtier under Mary Queen of Scots and James VI whose recollections of his diplomatic missions, particularly to the court of Elizabeth, are a minor classic of the period. He alone, for instance, tells of Elizabeth's anguished reaction to the news of the birth of Mary's son. The Folio Society, as usual, presents him in a handsome dress with its ornamental binding in green and gold and "curious" illustrations in colour it is a pleasure to the eye. The treatment of the text is more open to question. The editor chooses to follow the original edition of 1683

interest as a philatelist concerns the flown covers of the period, but his contribution to aeronautical history, allowing for a few slips, is readable and valuable.

LEE, ARTHUR GOLD. *Open Cockpit*. 183pp. Jarrolds. 35s.

As a fighter pilot in 1917, the most trying year of the R.F.C., Air Vice-Marshal Lee lasted more than seven months on the western front and took part in fifty odd combats. There was plenty of material for the diaries he appears to have kept, and this second book about his experiences is as successful as his first in showing what the life was like, how the participants felt and reacted, and how narrow a margin usually separated survival from disaster. Despite all the dangers and discomforts, it is also eloquent of the airman's horror when he found himself mixed up with war on the ground, especially that part of it which involved him in ground strafing. This is one of the best books of its kind.

Botany

LANGDON, BRIAN. *The Tuberosa Begonia*. 98pp. Cassell. £4 10s.

The name of Langdon has been associated with the culture of *Tuberosa Begonia*, near Bath, for three generations. An historical account of the introduction of South American species into Britain is followed by practical details of their subsequent development and cultivation, and of hybridization and growing for show. Colour plates and very beautiful botanical drawings enrich the text, written with specialist knowledge and enthusiasm, but also with a lightness of touch. Recognizing that there are "as many different ways to grow *Begonia* as there are good gardeners," the author gives generous information which makes the book of great value to professionals and amateurs alike.

Education

PERCIVAL, ALVIN. *The Origins of the Headmasters' Conference*. 98pp. John Murray. 21s.

This particular little book sifts the origins of an organization which is now popularly reckoned to define the public schools. It challenges the accepted notion that Thring of Uppingham started it all and it shows that what is now looked on as an exclusive club began as a movement for self defence. The facts have not always been easy to come by and some queries remain: but this is a very worthwhile contribution to the history of English schools.

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rather than the more accurate Bantyne edition, though he admits that Melville's first editor, his grandson George Scott, took considerable liberties with the text. Mr. Donaldson himself also feels free to cut, and to modernize, the phrasing. His version begins only on Scott's page 45, and on his second page the appearance of a Mr. Latton—where Scott has Halton—arouses some misgiving.

HUTTON, BARBARA. *Clifton and Its People in the Nineteenth Century*. 36pp. Yorkshire Philosophical Society. 11s.

By confining her study to a comparatively short period Mrs. Hutton has been able to make a rather unusually detailed inquiry into a phase of local history: the process of Clifton's transformation from a village into a suburb of York. When the manor lands were put up for sale in lots in 1836, few were sold, perhaps because people preferred to invest in the new railway. But the sale was the beginning of a local transformation which she proceeds to trace out both in relation to the land and to the individual people involved.

KUHLICK, F. W., and EMMISON, F. G. (Editors). *English Local History Handlist*. 84pp. The Historical Association. 13s. 6d.

A fourth revised edition of the Historical Association's invaluable classified guide to books on local history and antiquities, which includes much work recently published. This edition includes an index of places as well as a subject-index.

Religion

THE NEW TESTAMENT. Volume II: The Letters and the Revelation. Translated by William Barclay. 350pp. Collins. 25s.

The first volume of Dr. Barclay's translation was published just over a year ago; this second volume completes the New Testament, and it is in all ways a worthy complement to the first. Just as previously Dr. Barclay arranged the Gospels and Acts in the order he thinks they were written, and provided each with a brief introduction, so now he treats the Letters of Paul. (The only change in the accepted order of the other letters, however, is that Jude is placed next to Peter.) And whereas previously he concluded with an extended essay "On Translating the New Testament," he now adds a sixty-page glossary of "New Testament Words" and notes on twenty-two difficult passages in the Letters.

Social Studies

HARRIS, C. C. *The Family*. 212pp. Allen and Unwin. 35s. (Paperback 21s.)

This is yet another introductory text for sociology students, who must by now be wondering if the flood will ever end. Though the writing is as usual not as clear and untechnical as it needs to be to serve its purpose, Mr. Harris's book is lifted from the rut by some occasional touches of humour, some practical examples and an argumentative style of presentation.

STACEY, MARGARET (Editor). *Comparability in Social Research*. 134pp. Heinemann. 10s.

This is the product of a useful joint enterprise. The British Sociological Association, properly concerned to encourage more businesslike social research, convened a working party whose members contributed papers under a variety of headings: each paper intelligently discusses how to promote "comparability" in the collection of research data. The Social Science Research Council, rightly thinking that the collection was worth publishing, gave its support. It was a nice idea to include a dedication to the late John Madge, who was a member of the working party and who, throughout his life, did much to help make social science more systematic.

STUTTARD, GEOFFREY. *Work is Hell. An Anatomy of Workplace Clothes*. 126pp. Macdonald. 21s.

The author's case, in fact, is that work is not or should not be hell but an essential part of life and a centre

of human satisfactions, that hard work and play are part of the same experience but that we need education to enjoy the experience. The alternative to common assumptions which Mr. Stuttard presents reflects much present-day thinking about industrial relations. He points out, for instance, that industrial relations are not a battle between two sides but many-sided. Strikes in Britain are not widespread. Industrial conflict should not be seen as an evil but used for positive purposes. Workplace government is a collective activity. A cleverly devised and lively little volume.

Theatre

MANDER, RAYMOND, and MITCHENSON, JOE. *Musical Comedy*. 64pp. Peter Davies. £3 3s.

Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson's prefatory essay and their series of photographs cover not only musical comedy proper but also the musicals which came in with *Okla!oma!* Mr. Noël Coward's foreword confines itself to the former, and he writes very agreeably indeed of its joys and absurdities. The authors' essay is a brief history, with copious quotations from the contemporary press, of the genesis, evolution and extension of the form. They list the productions which have run for 500 or more performances in London between 1894 and 1968 and also note the numbers of their performances in New York.

The older playgoer will get the most enjoyment, much of it nostalgic, from the illustrations, which constitute the greater part of the book. George Edwards very rightly figures in the first of them: the image of a late Victorian purveyor of light entertainment, with flower in buttonhole, generous moustache and well-filled waistcoat—and the choice of stars who performed his pieces over the years is comprehensive and discriminating.

A REMINDER

Pre-publication prices closing on 31st December, 1969
Full prices will apply from 1st January, 1970

BERLIOZ, Hector: *Collected literary works 1844-70*
8 vols. Pre-publication £58 15s.; Published £77 10s.

BURNET, Gilbert: *History of the reformation of the church of England*. A new edition by N. Pocock. 1865
7 vols. Pre-publication £100; Published £135

DUNS SCOTUS, Joannes: *Opera omnia 1891-95*
26 vols. Pre-publication £600; Published £800

FROUDE, James Anthony: *Thomas Carlyle, a history of his life in London, 1834-1881 1884*
2 vols. Pre-publication £8; Published £10

LUTTRELL, Narcissus: *A brief historical relation of state affairs from September 1678 to April 1714 ('Luttrell's Diary') 1857*
6 vols. Pre-publication £90; Published £120

MARTÈNE, Edmond & DURAND, Ursin: *Voyage littéraire de deux bénédictins de la congrégation de Saint-Maur 1717, 1724*
2 vols. Pre-publication £35; Published £42 10s.

PETRIE, Henry (ed.): *Monumenta historica Britannica, materials for the history of Britain from the earliest period 1841*
2 vols. Pre-publication £89; Published £92 10s.

PITS, John (Pitsea): *Relationum historicarum de rebus anglicis*
Pre-publication £25; Published £50

SHARAF KHAN IBN SHAMS UL DIN, Bidlil: *Sharaf Nama 1860-68*
6 vols. Pre-publication £84; Published £105

PUBLICATION COMPLETING EARLY 1970

Please ask for our full quarterly advance lists of pre-publication prices closing.

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Trade Unions

LANE, PETER. *Trade Unions*. 96pp. Baisford. 18s.

Accompanied by seventy-six excellent illustrations, Mr. Lane's text goes back to the early days of the unions and gives a brief picture of them as they are today. Extreme simplification results in some inaccuracies, particularly in the parts dealing with the unions' position and organization, but in broad outlines the volume is well balanced. It should help students acquire some understanding of much discussed but little understood subject.

Transport

HARRIS, ROBERT. *Canals and the Architecture*. 223pp. H. Evelyn. £4 4s.

Books about canals, of which there are now many, can be divided into the nostalgic and the practical. The greater need today for the latter because there are many urgent questions relating to the future of our waterways and their place in a national transport system that need to be discussed. Mr. Harris has, however, chosen the easier descriptive-historical route, attempting a chronological survey of canals and the structures associated with them from the eighteenth century until today. This has been done many times recently, this book adds little information that already available, and is somewhat amateurish in its arrangements.

In the Book News column of December 4, the title of the winner of the medal in the Elizabethan Children's Book Competition was wrongly given. The correct title is *Everyday Life in India* by Michael Edwards (London, Baisford).

André Deutsch have asked us to announce that they intend to publish the English edition of Joe McGinniss's *Selling of the President* the subject of our front page article on November 14 in March, 1970.

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